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DAVID GARNETT on Aldington's Lawrence

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Mr. Attlee and Formosa

ONCE again, as he did in the debate on the hydrogen bomb last Spring, Mr. Attlee has seized the political initiative. When he spoke his mind so plainly on the subject of American support for Chiang Kai-shek, he may have surprised Sir Anthony Eden by his extremism. But that extremism expresses the feeling of three-quarters of the nation, and it was high time that our American allies were told how extreme that feeling is. The British people is convinced—and in our view rightly convinced—that the main responsibility for the Formosa crisis lies in Washington, not in Peking. If the Seventh Fleet becomes involved in hostilities, no one will be able to persuade the average Englishman that the U.S. has not brought this on itself by its blindness and folly in intervening in the Chinese civil war and seeking to reverse the Asian revolution. Maybe Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles now see the folly of the "liberation" policy which they trumpeted so loudly when they first took office. Maybe they regret their decision, two years ago, to reverse Mr. Truman's policy and actively to assist Chiang Kai-shek in his subversive operations on the Chinese mainland. It is even possible that the whole of this aggressive American strategy was a piece of irresponsible bluff, undertaken not with any serious hope of restoring Chiang to power but merely in order to appease the China Lobby, and that the purpose of the present diplomatic and naval manœuvres is to provide a smoke-screen under which Chiang's forces can be withdrawn to Formosa and confined there.

All this may explain what the Americans are doing, but it does not excuse it. Nor does it weaken Mr. Attlee's case that the only way to remove the danger of war is to remove Chiang Kai-shek himself from Formosa and to neutralise the island, in the fullest sense of the word, by excluding it from the American strategic system. Mr. Attlee, of course, is fully aware that the advice he has proffered is wholly unacceptable in Washington. The chasm which divides American public opinion on this issue from British has been permitted to grow so wide that it would be difficult to conceive of any policy acceptable on both sides of the Atlantic. But this only reinforces the need for the kind of warning Mr. Attlee has given. Just because there is no chance in the foreseeable future that the Americans will accept the minimum conditions of a peaceful solution, it is essential that they should be told now that they will not be able to rely on Britain for any help whatsoever if they muddle themselves into war. The North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, under which the Americans have the right to bases in Britain, was conceived as a strictly defensive alliance. Washington must be made to realise that even that alliance could be jeopardised by the consequences of what is happening in and around Formosa.

The Cease-Fire Issue

The Commonwealth Premiers, realising evidently that there is no basis at present for reconciling Chinese claims to Formosa and President Eisenhower's claim that it is the spearhead of U.S. Pacific defence, are clearly banking on the ability of the Security Council in New York to relieve the immediate danger and tension over the off-shore islands. The tone of Peking Radio suggests that Chou En-lai is unlikely to accept unconditionally the invitation addressed to China by the Secretary General, to attend the Council and discuss a simple cease-fire—as the New Zealand resolution implied—on the basis of the military *status quo*. If a Chinese delegation does come, it will probably insist on its right to discuss the "aggressive" U.S. occupation of Formosa itself. Washington, however, must realise that withdrawal will be a perilous operation unless a cease-fire has been agreed; indeed this may account for the fact that "re-deployment" has been hanging fire all this week. Does it follow that there is no way of breaking, even for the moment, the vicious circle? Are there no cir-

cumstances in which China would be prepared to agree to a temporary truce in the fighting without a final settlement of the Formosan question? All that can be said is that the one chance of a cease-fire is that the U.S. should announce definitely its determination to withdraw Nationalist forces from all the off-shore islands to Formosa. In that event, the U.S.S.R. might well advise the Chinese to allow the evacuation to be covered by a cease-fire. But this involves the State Department's repudiation of its Ambassador in Formosa, who is reported to have said that he "assumed" that the U.S. would defend Quemoy and the Matsus even at the cost of retaliating against the mainland if they were attacked. It is to be hoped that his "assumption" was wrong.

The Case for Four-Power Talks

By conceding the principle of all-German elections under international control, Mr. Molotov had created a new situation, as anyone can see who looks for a moment at the state of public opinion in West Germany. Yet on Monday in the Commons the Foreign Secretary blandly refused to recognise this new situation. Brushing aside the Russian Note as yet another piece of bothersome political warfare, he reasserted his determination to see the Nine-Power Treaty brought into force and German rearmament begun before there is any question of a Four-Power conference.

Even those who want to see West Germany rearmed as a member of Nato should realise the danger of treating the Russian Note in this contemptuous way. Mr. Molotov at least made two things clear. In the first place, he is now willing to negotiate on the very topic which he refused to discuss in Berlin last February. But he adds—and this is of equal importance—that, once the Nine-Power Treaty is in force, such negotiations will be useless. To Sir Anthony Eden's "Ratification first, then Four-Power talks on German unity," he has replied in advance: "Four-Power talks on German unity before ratification, or not at all."

By refusing to consider the Russian Note, the British and the American Governments are therefore deliberately denying themselves the last chance of unifying Germany by means of a German peace treaty. Whatever East-West accords might be reached in a Four-Power conference after ratification, the subject of German unity under free elections will not be among them, and it is the Western Powers who will rightly be held responsible for this. No wonder the opposition to the Nine-Power Treaty and its Anglo-American backers grows week by week in Western Germany, now that it is clear that our aim is to force the Federal Republic into the Western camp, come what may. No policy could be more disastrous in its consequences.

There is only one way to prevent this happening. By a narrow majority, Labour supported the Nine-Power Treaty as a lesser evil, on the ground that Russian obduracy had ruled out the possibility of German unity. But the resolution which Mr. Attlee moved at Scarborough began with these significant words:

> Conference reaffirms Labour's aim of the reunification of Germany in peace and freedom and declares that the Western powers must be ready to resume negotiations whenever the Soviet Union may be willing to permit free elections in Eastern Germany.

The Molotov Note gives Mr. Attlee his opportunity to reunite his party behind him in the demand for an immediate Four-Power conference, at which the Russian proposals can be examined and compared with the Eden plan. Faced with such a demand from a united Labour Movement, Sir Winston would find it very difficult to refuse.

Harsh Justice in Cairo

By confirming the harsh sentences in the Cairo trials, Colonel Nasser has disappointed those who relied on his moderating influence to relax tension between Israel and the Arab world. Two Jews were executed this week and seven sentenced to very long terms of imprisonment—penalties which could be justified only in time of war. This will almost certainly result in equally savage verdicts next time Arab saboteurs are caught inside Israel. Each act of judicial reprisal and counter-reprisal will whip up the war hysteria on both sides of the Armistice Lines and weaken the position of the Jewish moderates headed by Mr. Sharett—and that of Colonel Nasser himself. In fairness to the Revolutionary Council, however, we must add two things. In the view of the French and German Consuls, as well as of Jewish observers who were present, the public proceedings of the trial were fair, and the rough handling of the prisoners in "preliminary examinations" not worse than the normal Egyptian practice. There cannot be much doubt that they were naive and inexperienced saboteurs. We must add that, if Colonel Nasser should have exercised clemency, Mr. Sharett, for his part, would be well advised to keep a firm control of the Israeli Defence Ministry and its multifarious secret activities.

Obscene Publications

To have any chance of success, an Obscene Publications Bill must provide as its basis a formula acceptable alike to the uncompromising opponents of censorship in all its forms and to the zealots determined to "clean up" publishing. Both these factions will find fault with the Bill drawn up by the authors, publishers, lawyers, and printers who formed the Herbert Committee, but they will hardly dispute that it represents a great advance on the law as it stands. As an obvious preliminary step, it kills the Common Law misdemeanour of obscene libel, with all its ambiguities and judge-made shackles for the defence; and in the numerous cases dealt with summarily, by way of a magistrate's destruction order, the author, printer, publisher, and distributor will have the right of audience at present so ludicrously denied to them. The question whether "intent" shall be taken into account—a source of argument and injustice for more than a century—is solved by a simple declaration of its relevance, followed by the considerations that should help to vindicate it in court. These are: the character of the defendants, the "dominant effect" of the book, and any evidence tendered on behalf of the defence by the literary and technical men who have hitherto been excluded as having nothing useful to say. "Horror Comics" are brought in by so extending the meaning of "obscene" and "corrupt" as to include "any matter which, whether or not related to any sexual context, unduly exploits horror, cruelty, or violence, whether pictorially or otherwise." In our view, the word "unduly" presents serious difficulties. As for the proposal to make the Director of Public Prosecutions responsible for every kind of case, including seizures of books by the Customs authorities, this must surely survive every battle that is likely to be fought over a Bill that is on the whole workmanlike and sensible.

Copper Belt Troubles

The conflicting pressures within the Northern Rhodesian White Miners' Union were exposed by two events last week. First, the leaders of the union met their opposite numbers from the South African Miners' Union in Salisbury. There the South Africans decided to give the fullest moral, financial and other support to the Northern Rhodesians in their fight to prevent the advance of Africans into skilled work. Then, in a ballot, the majority of members of the Northern Rhodesian Union voted in favour of allowing some African advance into grades of work now exclusively reserved for Europeans. These contradictory events suggest considerable division of opinion amongst the White miners of Northern Rhodesia: they are beginning to realise that they are faced with the alternative of allowing African advance or losing the whole of their valuable stake in the industry. Meanwhile the African workers have been on a wage strike for a month. They have now been dismissed by the companies, and are preparing for eviction from the company houses. Thus the whole industrial future of the Copper Belt is in serious jeopardy. Much of the trouble would have been avoided if the White miners had made their decision twelve months ago or if they removed Afrikaner racialist influence and forsook South African tactics.

Bus-rides for Pensioners

The Birmingham Corporation, whose scheme for free bus-rides for pensioners was declared illegal by the Courts, is promoting a private Bill to permit the renewal of the scheme; and Mr. Edward Short, M.P., is backing a wider enabling Bill along the same lines to assist the score of local authorities who gave similar concessions. There is considerable opposition to both Bills—notably on the part of *The Times*—and it is based on the same grounds as Mr. Justice Vaisey's original decision. Birmingham, the argument runs, was subsidising its transport undertaking to do something it could not do as a local authority, and it was thereby aiding one large section of the electorate at the public expense, as Mr. Justice Vaisey put it, "in an excess of misplaced philanthropic zeal." Strange assumptions underly this criticism. Why must a local authority run its transport service, as the Court of Appeal insisted, "in accordance with ordinary business principles"? Is that what Parliament meant by permitting the Corporation to charge such fares "as they may think

fit"? Surely it was thereby free to introduce an element of social service into its transport system—as *The Times* concedes it may do for children, the blind and the disabled—just as it uses its rate fund for the purposes of housing, education or public health?

NEW YORK

Presidential Tight-rope

Our New York Correspondent writes: There is by no means the whole-hearted support for the Eisenhower Formosa policy that the overwhelming Congressional vote for the White House resolution would suggest. Its acceptance was made inevitable by its mere presentation. Few Congressmen would dare publicly to refuse to back up their President in a show of American strength. Nevertheless, there were a few Senators who had the courage to criticise the resolution. They maintain that the resolution might open the way for Chiang to drag the United States into a war with Peking, or that a preventive war might be launched by some impetuous American officer. These Senators included such Democrats as Lehman, Humphrey and Kefauver, such crusty old Republicans as Langer and Flanders, and also the independent, Morse. The disquiet that they reflected was such that the White House felt compelled to issue the new "clarification" of policy—coupled with the belief that vagueness might appease the Knowland wing of the Republican Party. The Administration is once again paying the price of attempting to placate the opposing elements among its nominal supporters. By trying to disguise the retreat from the Tachens with rhetoric bold enough to satisfy Knowland, it has created confusion rather than confidence, alarm rather than reassurance.

The object of the dissenting Senators is to strengthen Eisenhower's hand. They believe that he is dedicated to the cause of peace but is reluctant to face a showdown with the Knowland bloc. The latter has powerful support from the top air and naval commanders, who have repeatedly proclaimed that they do not believe that any honourable peace can be achieved in Asia. From the beginning of his tour of duty as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Radford has privately identified himself with Chiang Kai-shek's aspiration for a triumphant assault on the mainland. Only a few days before the President asked Congress to act, Radford returned from a Far Eastern trip, which included a visit to Chiang on Formosa, and advocated publicly a blockade of China in order to secure the release of the eleven American fliers. Radford is believed to have been one of those most influential in determining the language of the message to Congress, with its broad scope and the inspired interpretation that it covers the islands of Quemoy and Matsu, off the China coast.

The President's "clarification" does not bar U.S. military action in these islands. But at least the decision is in his hands. And he is likely to weigh carefully the advice of General Ridgway, the Army Chief of Staff. Testifying before the Senate Foreign Relations and Armed Services Committees last week, Ridgway said that he believed that attacks against the mainland or the defence of Quemoy by air or sea power would draw in ground troops. He said the Army was already over-extended, and did not have the 500,000 troops needed to win a mainland foothold. On the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Ridgway is a lonely figure. General Twining, Air Force Chief of Staff, and Admiral Carney, Chief of Naval Operations, side with Radford in the belief that only sea and air power are necessary to achieve a decision in the Formosa Straits. But the President is himself an old Army man and may possibly pay more heed to Ridgway than do his colleagues.

PARIS

Poujade and His Merrie Men

Our Paris Correspondent writes: A fortnight ago, Parisians had their first opportunity to watch at close range the activities of Pierre Poujade, France's anti-tax agitator and the man whom *Paris-Match* calls *le Robin du Bois du Commerce Français*. As it happened, Poujade's first big Paris meeting was partly ruined by the natural elements—it took place on the day the Seine reached its highest level since 1910. Of the cohorts of small businessmen expected to attend, only about half in the event turned up; and nothing more has been heard, so far, of Poujade's threat to call a nation-wide strike of *commerçants*. Nevertheless, the publicity he received made him a national figure overnight, and he is now in a position to cause a great deal of trouble to the Government. Poujade himself is a young man of thirty-four, the son of an architect. Physically, he is a cross between Billy Graham and a Marcel Pagnol hero. He has a ringing, sincere voice, the ability to speak three hours at a stretch, and boundless energy. In the last eighteen months he has travelled 80,000 miles and spoken at 500 meetings. He has a Crichel Down mentality and his message is quite simple: the Government and the Assembly, he argues, are a conspiracy against the small businessman; the main feature of this conspiracy is taxation. Like most demagogues, he has no real programme—merely a series of slogans. He proposes to abolish the present tax system, but is vague about what to put in its place. One of his pamphlets states: "It's up to the Government to find a solution. That's their job, not ours."

Poujade's organisation, the Union for the Defence of Small Businessmen, now has over 600,000 members. It engages in two main types of activity. Through its newspaper (circulation 350,000) and its pamphlets it operates a nation-wide pressure-group working for tax-reform. At the same time it has a series of militant local organisations whose object is to sabotage the existing tax-collection system. Members are instructed, for instance, to pay their taxes in minute instalments and always to ask for receipts. They are told to resist, by force if necessary, State bailiffs sent to confiscate the property of defaulting taxpayers. When the Government auctions confiscate goods, the organisation packs the salesroom and buys back the goods for nominal sums. It has 2,000 officials, grouped in cells of ten, who obtain advance information of the movements of Government tax collectors and bailiffs. Tax collectors who plan surprise raids on small towns find themselves confronted with large crowds of angry businessmen. The Ministry of Finance admits that in at least three *départements* the collection of taxes has been "seriously impeded."

Like most phenomena of its kind, the Poujade movement is the product of deep-seated economic causes. His success has been confined almost entirely to the area between the Loire and the Garonne—the economically backward *départements* of south and central France. Most of his followers are surplus shopkeepers who sprang up in the years of inflation which followed the war and who are now being driven out of business. It has, however, recently been changing in character. The support it originally received from the official Association of Small and Medium-sized Manufacturers has now been withdrawn, for the more successful small businessmen are beginning to recognise that indiscriminate opposition to taxation merely serves to keep their less efficient colleagues in business. The movement has thus become less "respectable." Radical and Right-wing deputies are still prepared to receive deputations of Poujade's men at the Assembly, but they no longer render them active assistance at a local level. Despite considerable provocation, the Government has taken M. Poujade very calmly. The Ministry of Finance believes that, given time, the movement will disintegrate. The process of reconverting marginal businesses, it claims, is proceeding smoothly, and M. Poujade will gradually lose his mass base. Officials place great faith in a new tax assessment system, due to come into force this year, under which Government inspectors will themselves assess the incomes of small businessmen. Nevertheless, the dangers of M. Poujade's movement should not be under-estimated. A pre-election year, 1955 is likely to witness a hardening of party divisions in Paris and increased political activity in the country as a whole. In such a potentially explosive situation, any embryonic Fascist mass-movement needs to be watched very carefully.

Next Week

"WRITING FOR CHILDREN"

Naomi Mitchison contributes a special study of the problem of violence in children's books.

WESTMINSTER

Parliament for England?

During the war I was attached as Army Liaison Officer to a mixed R.A.F. squadron in which every pilot wore an embroidered legend on his arm reading "Free France," "Free Poland," "Free Norway," or "Free Czechoslovakia." I was tempted to make myself an embroidered flash reading "Free Yorkshire." English Members have been feeling something of the same need to assert their national identity during the past few days. For Parliament has been devoting itself to Scotland and Northern Ireland. Westminster is always aware of Scotland. In the tea room there is the acknowledged Scots table where the *Scotsman* is read instead of *The Times*. In a room off Westminster Hall the Scottish Grand Committee meets—a Committee on which the English Member suffers an occasional period of penal servitude, to make up the numbers. Here he is required to vote, but not encouraged to speak. And then, periodically, Scotland takes the floor of the House and English Members hover furtively round the edges. They suffer a deep sense of national deprivation. There are Northern Irish problems. There are even Welsh problems. There are Scottish problems. But why can we never have English problems?

Perhaps England's troubles are relatively less intense. The standard of living is lower in Scotland than in England. The rate of unemployment is higher. Tuberculosis is more widespread and housing conditions are worse. The Scottish Member commuting several hundred miles each week has more than the physical effect of these conditions to contend with. He also has to deal with the psychological repercussions. Whilst the gap remains between conditions in England and conditions in Scotland he also has to cope with the argument that Scotland would be better off if she had a parliament of her own. This can be refuted by economic analysis—but economics

are a poor substitute for national aspirations. And so compromise is sought. To the heavy burden carried by the Secretary of State for Scotland more responsibilities are added. The number of Scottish Under-Secretaries grows ever larger. But it becomes ever clearer, as Labour Members argued, that the machinery of Scottish government, and the scope of its functions, need to be looked at afresh.

The Select Committee on Estimates, a small but important cog of parliamentary government, has been under fire this week. The Foreign Office has accused the Committee of committing "major errors" in its report on the financing of the Foreign Service. When an alleged *increase* of seven per cent. in foreign representation during the year turns out to be a *decrease* of seven per cent., it is hard to dodge the charge. But the main interest lay in Sydney Silverman's attempt to have Victor Yates reinstated as a member of the Committee. Members of the Committee are nominated by the Party Whips; and Victor Yates, from whom the Labour Whip was withdrawn before Christmas, was, in consequence, not nominated. It was argued that, as an Independent M.P., he still has a right to membership. Silverman, as usual, put up a brilliant case. But he managed to antagonise most of those Labour Members who, in the vote on German rearmament, adhered to the pledge of loyalty they had signed on being selected as Parliamentary candidates, when he argued that only those who had broken the pledge were loyal members of the Labour Party. It is perhaps unfortunate that some Labour Members should feel that he who seems to show such obvious relish in wearing the martyr's crown should have it rammed down over his eyes for good measure. But it is, in the circumstances, not unnatural.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

Mr. Greenwood and the B.M.T.A.

A FORTNIGHT ago in the Light Programme discussion feature *Any Questions*, Mr. Anthony Greenwood, M.P., described the British Motor Trade Association as "a completely restrictive monopoly." Mr. W. D. Ormsby-Gore, his Conservative partner in the programme, committed himself to somewhat similar sentiments—notably about the manufacture and distribution of motor tyres. So aggrieved was the "trade" about these ungentlemanly strictures that the B.B.C. was persuaded to delete the offending passages from the recorded programme before it was repeated. The B.M.T.A. was subsequently offered by the authorities of the Light Programme an opportunity to confront the two M.P.s with its own President and past President in another unscripted discussion which took place on Thursday of last week.

Whether or not B.M.T.A. members were pleased with the performance of their two champions we cannot say. But the public, and especially that section which has never grasped what are the actual practices concealed behind the repellent jargon of price-fixing, will certainly be grateful to the B.B.C. for giving further prominence to Mr. Greenwood's charges. For what emerged in effect from this discussion—in which the tyre manufacturers felt unable to take part—was that:

(a) The B.M.T.A. is used by the motor car and motor accessory manufacturers to compel retailers to sell to the public at the price the manufacturer has determined.

(b) An offence against one manufacturer is, under the prevailing system, an offence against all, and may be penalised by fine or boycott.

(c) "Investigators"—often retired policemen—are used to ferret out offences; and though the B.M.T.A. strictly instructs its investigators not to act as *agents provocateurs*, inevitably this is what they sometimes seem to be doing.

(d) Private courts, constituted by and answerable to the B.M.T.A., sit to try and to punish alleged offenders.

Since it is extremely difficult for a retailer to survive in this trade against the boycott of B.M.T.A. members, the effect of this pernicious system is to deprive the public of the benefits of competition at the distributive end of the trade; and to punish honest traders—sometimes even to deprive them of their living—for the offence of seeking to offer the public keener prices or better service than their competitors. Moreover, the existence of private courts to enforce these practices is an intolerable abuse of one of the most fundamental principles of a free society. The Lloyd Jacob Committee, which, reporting to the Government in 1949, uttered a general condemnation of most of these practices, has a pertinent comment:

> We believe, however, that as a matter of principle it is extremely undesirable to encourage any sanction for breach of agreement, which is not applied through the due process of law. The complex system which is built up by many associations to detect breaches of agreement may not in itself be positively harmful—although in our opinion it is wasteful, unnecessary and undesirable—but the use of extra-legal sanctions which may deprive a trader of his livelihood is not, in our opinion, justified.

On the same day as this broadcast took place, Labour M.P.s in the Commons created a minor storm in pressing Mr. Thorneycroft to announce the Government's intention towards the Monopolies Commission. Substantially the complaint was the slowness with which the Commission works, as it is now constituted. It is generally agreed that on the average it takes the Commission two years to report on a matter referred to it, and that this is far too long for effective action to be possible, even if the Government were prepared to act. But this complaint about the slowness of the Commission, justified though it is, does not seem to us to go to the root of the matter. The Commission is, in fact, ineffectual while there is no legal prohibition of resale price maintenance with its attendant sanctions; and this is the problem to which the Labour Party must address itself if it is really anxious to attack monopoly. When the Report of the Lloyd Jacob Committee was first published, it aroused a storm of partisan protest from trade associations and those who profit from their work. None the less, we believe it is only necessary for the public to realise what goes on to give its wholehearted support to any party which seeks to outlaw these practices; and the two recent broadcasts will have been an eye-opener not without particular significance in an election year.

The Cotton Industry

II. A Socialist Policy

ANY plan for the cotton industry involves a decision as to what type of goods Lancashire ought to make. Some advocate concentration on the production of high-grade specialities. But even if Lancashire had a sufficient monopoly of skill to do this—and in the modern world she has not—the product would command far too small a market to absorb the output of the industry. Others would employ specialist production techniques for bulk products. They boast of Lancashire's traditional flexibility under this system and forget that it would demand a return to pre-war conditions of quasi-slave labour, which workers in the industry would never tolerate.

Lancashire's output divides logically into two main streams. If basic human necessities such as overalls, sheets and towels are to be produced at an economic price, they must be produced by ideal mass-production methods. This will demand application of the standard criteria of simplification, standardisation and specialisation which the Anglo-American Productivity team reports have underlined as the prerequisites of efficient mass production. As matters stand, there is a far greater diversity of yarn counts and cloth specifications than can be justified.

The remainder of the trade embraces cloths which involve a degree of novelty, either in their design or in the technique of their production. Such items are of considerable importance to a nation whose industrial future depends on selling brains. In an age when we no longer have a monopoly of manufacturing skill, it is imperative that our national wealth of artists and scientists should be fully exploited. The qualities needed for such production are imagination, courage, vision and independent thought—all functions of the individual ego. It must therefore be the aim of Socialist planning for industry so to legislate that, in the limited areas of commercial activity where these qualities are at a premium, maximum incentive is afforded to individual enterprise. Likewise, in this same limited field, the consumer should expect to pay for indulgence in that personal whim and fancy which is a perfectly justifiable activity, once the larger social responsibilities have been discharged.

The next Labour Government should impose on the cotton industry a degree of rationalisation which the industry is clearly incapable of imposing on itself. By legislation it should aim at bringing the production of necessities within a control, extending from raw cotton to finished goods. A comprehensive schedule of standard specifications could be compiled without difficulty, and raw cotton sold for manufacture of such specifications would be supplied at constant price. Percentage profit margins per process involved would be fixed by reference to the costings of Government model plants. All such products would be covered by Government orders, and would be available for purchase by distributors at a price which would be fixed monthly against the ruling price of raw cotton. In this way the Government purchasing authority would effectively cover the cost of stabilising raw cotton prices, and the profit made by manufacturers would contain no fortuitous element derived from fluctuations of raw cotton values during manufacturing time. The percentage profit margins of the various sections of the distribution chain would also be fixed.

Legislation along these lines would have several beneficial effects. It would create for the producer a firm foundation of guaranteed markets. The consumer would be assured of controlled prices and quality standards based on efficient production and strict specifications. The workers in the industry would enjoy a stability and confidence that they have never hitherto known. Perhaps most significant of all, it would remove the possibilities for high profit-taking, either by producer or distributor, on activities involving low risk. By removing the production of essential goods from the orbit of uncontrolled capitalism, a Socialist Government would put the businessman back where he belongs, using his imagination and taking risks, rather than busying himself with the formation of trade associations which eliminate the need for him to do either. The enterprising businessman, with his overheads and larger stock risks covered by State-guaranteed orders, would be free to experiment and develop new cloths for the uncontrolled and more profitable (but more risky) market.

These considerations are applicable outside Lancashire. In the immediate future, Socialist industrial policy, in what will inevitably be a mixed economy, should be so to squeeze the profit out of satisfying standard basic human needs, that the entrepreneur is driven to maximise his own value to the community by really creative private enterprise. Once we have established an industrial framework which does this, a Socialist need have no reservations about giving every assistance to the private sector of industry. Special taxation incentives should be given to stimulate re-equipment. These should provide not only for increased initial allowances but should permit the writing off of equipment in the shorter periods prevalent in America and demanded by the increased rate of advance of modern technology. State loans should be available to facilitate large-scale reorganisation.

These methods should apply to cotton: the fundamental research and development of the industry should be State-financed as it already is in the aircraft industry. None of these measures is incompatible with Socialism since the money so invested yields collective benefit. In fact they have the important advantage of placing control of industrial finance in public hands rather than at the mercy of private finance houses, or the large insurance companies whose stake in British industry is growing apace. Nor are the measures proposed inimical to real private enterprise, for they would liberate the progressive industrialist from the creeping paralysis engendered by the staggering cost of much modern research and equipment.

The cotton industry is one of our oldest industries, a child of the first industrial revolution. The threads of Socialist development are woven into its history. It provided Marx and Engels with much of their data. As Britain reaches out to meet the powerful economic challenges of our time, this industry, if liberated from the organisational bondage of the past, might well provide the breeding ground for new and more viable industrial patterns. It was Aristotle who said that slavery would disappear when looms would weave by themselves; for then, he said, "chief workmen would not need helpers, nor masters slaves." It is not enough for Socialists to have dreams which demand economic miracles: they must harness the modern magic that makes such miracles possible. In the Lancashire cotton industry, that means combining science with State planning and State finance over a field which the State itself must define.

JOHN MURRAY

London Diary

MACARTHUR gone Commie? That must have been the reaction not only of Knowland, Nixon and the China Lobby, but also of a great many ordinary newspaper readers. It is not easy at first sight to square last week's eloquent and pacific birthday speech with the sabre-rattling of the bellicose Commander-in-Chief who so nearly plunged the world into war on the Yalu river. Yet, in a sense, MacArthur's theme today in calling, apparently with the utmost seriousness, for the abolition of war is not totally unrelated to his past military doctrines. For at the time of the Korean war his "crime" was not that of desiring the Third World War, but of calculating that America could smash the Chinese revolution in a limited action which would not provoke general war. It is perfectly true that MacArthur has always been the apostle of U.S. imperialism in Asia: indeed, it was part of his family inheritance. But, even more than that, he is the arch-professor among the professional soldiers: he has always believed that there was a military solution to every problem and used to ask no more than the opportunity to be allowed to demonstrate it. The significance of last week's remarks is not, I should say, that his political views have changed very much, but that his professional insight has shown him the impossibility of waging anything less than total war with modern weapons of mass destruction. They suggest a realisation that the weapons with which the military commander is furnished today are such that they cannot be used for any rational and discriminate object. This discovery is shared by other important people, including Sir Winston Churchill. In recent weeks (and in varying contexts and idioms) the Russian Marshal Vassilevsky, our own Liddell Hart, and now MacArthur have all used their strictly professional knowledge to warn the politicians to stop playing with fire.

* * *

This week's Indian services to commemorate Gandhi's assassination seven years ago coincide with the arrival in London of Mr. Nehru. It would be idle to pretend that the hopes of the world peace do not at the moment centre on India, which has been so far responsible for limiting war in Indonesia, Korea and Indo-China. One point about Gandhi's pacific influence is, I think, commonly forgotten. Gandhi did not advocate peace in the negative sense of just not fighting, but urged that the essential was *truth*. The peace he worked for was one that arose from an objective statement of the facts, repeatedly made in such a spirit of good will that the antagonists would in time be persuaded to admit them. In that case genuine peace was possible as opposed to what we now call appeasement, that is, merely not fighting because you are too lazy—or too frightened. I can only conceive of Peking and America compromising if the ambition of Chiang and the China Lobby to invade the Chinese mainland, and the facts about Peking's right to Formosa are publicly admitted; then the job of conciliation could begin.

* * *

Thoughtful Americans, as well as people here, have long been shocked about some of the ex-Communists who have been making a living as "expert witnesses" against Owen Lattimore and other victims of the witch-hunt. Now, I learn from an article by Stewart Alsop in the *Herald-Tribune*, one of them has written a sensational and repentant book in which he carefully describes how—in Alsop's phrase—"he made a business of

bearing false witness." The author is Harvey Matusow, who was one of the main witnesses against Lattimore. He explains how he told "complete falsehoods," and that "my unfounded attacks on Lattimore just placed me in the role of expert of experts. I had reached the top of the ladder." Matusow tells how he discussed his tactics with McCarthy, and gives examples of the tricks he used to smear people who, he knew, had no connection with Communism. Alsop believes that his story is credible, especially as Matusow knows that he runs the risk of perjury indictment. This confession, in fact, may help discredit the professional ex-Communists who have been travelling round the U.S. from one investigation or trial to the next. Incidentally, it must surely end the fantastic persecution of Owen Lattimore.

* * *

My copy of No. 1 of the *Women's Sunday Mirror* left me at first puzzled why the publishers of the *Sunday Pictorial* should decide to launch a rival to themselves, produced, notice, at 3d. instead of 2½d. and on thin paper with a bad "show-through." The first difference between the two would seem to be that there is no sport in the *Women's Sunday Mirror*. This is natural, since Fleet Street knows sport doesn't interest females. (Sport used to come fourth on Northcliffe's list of topics of selling value, but dropped down soon after the competition began for women's readership.) The second difference is that the *Sunday Mirror* is virgin pure of politics: there is nothing to parallel Crossman's column in the *Pictorial*: Thirdly, nothing will be found here which could possibly be regarded as requiring any mental effort from anybody—unless we except the £1,000 competition for guessing which men's faces will marry which women's faces. There is scarcely a news story other than gossip. For the rest, there is much chat about Royalties, Café Society, and the film stars; fashion and beauty features and some "slush" fiction. Now why produce this resolutely (and unashamedly) low-brow women's magazine as a Sunday newspaper? To persuade families which now take in the *Sunday Pictorial* and, say, either the *News of the World* or the *People* that Mum must have her own paper as well? Possibly. The market for light sex reading on a Sunday morning is certainly elastic. Or is it, as I've heard it suggested, that the new paper is angled at the 16-25 age group—girls who probably take the *Daily Mirror*, but may not buy any Sunday paper at all? The only thing I feel sure about, knowing the *Daily Mirror* group, is that they will probably manage to sell anything they publish.

* * *

Marshal Tito's first visit to Burma seems to have been a much less conventional affair than his visit to this country where. I recall with some amusement, he was always hidden behind a cloud of flying squads and outriders. I envied him his visit to Pagan, the ancient capital of Burma with its uncounted pagodas, and to Inle Lake (one of the loveliest places I've ever had the luck to see), where his barge was accompanied by two boats, each manned by a hundred leg-rowers. In the Shan States, Agga Maha Thiri Thudhamma Marshal Tito—his official Burmese title—presented money to help for education and was himself presented with a live leopard. The Burma Army gave him two elephants, Maung Myitta (Mr. Love) and Mai Thitsa (Miss Faithful), which will embark on his ship complete with a mahout. In all his speeches—to the Army, for instance, and to the University of Rangoon, which conferred an LL.D. on him—his theme was the similarity of Burmese and Yugoslav problems and their similar attitude to world affairs. The joint statement signed by U Nu and the Marshal at the end of this visit said that no peace could be achieved through passive neutralism, which meant withdrawal from the battle for peace, or by alignment with either bloc. They subscribed to the co-existence principles set forth in statements signed earlier by Chou En-lai, not only with U Nu but with Mr. Nehru. Tito's last gesture was to offer to equip a Burmese brigade.- Burma's reciprocal offer was rice for the Yugoslav people.

* * *

I have seen willow wrens in Lincolns Inn, and though I have never heard a nightingale sing in Berkeley Square, I don't question that there are birds of one sort or another in every London square. For the most part we have to be content with the chattering of starlings round Nelson's monument. But, at the moment, if you go to Leicester Square in the evening—I am told that the very early morning is equally good—you may hear, above the traffic din, a blackbird singing his head off. Little knots of passers-by, office cleaners and professionals of various kinds stand outside the doors of restaurants, cinemas and rubber shops, craning their necks in the hope of seeing the blackbird itself sitting high in the branches of a tree over Shakespeare's head. Last night I could hear him almost as far as the Irving statue.

* * *

Packing is quite a problem. I don't grumble about the baggage weight the air-lines permit; I always travel light and welcome the perfect excuse for not arriving with any but ordinary, everyday clothes. Nylon is the answer to prayer when it comes to shirts. Nevertheless, packing is this time a problem. Before this issue is read I shall be on the way to India, where it will be very hot. I then go to Japan, where I am told it will be very cold. Much too early for cherry blossom. Pneumonia seems indicated unless I carry quite a lot of warm, as well as tropical, clothes. It is no good suggesting that I leave the tropical ones behind in India and buy warm ones in Japan, because I come back via Singapore and Ceylon, which I suppose will be the hottest of all. Perhaps J. P. Morgan's wife found the solution. Since newsprint is the best of wind-cheaters, she used to make him expendable paper jackets, which, when used, could be passed on to grateful tramps.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The Censor refused to grant a certificate to "Trois Femmes" because of the film's cynical treatment of three love affairs. The L.C.C. at first granted it a "U" certificate because the sub-titles were in French. When these were translated they restricted the certificate to "A."—*Star*. (R. Savage.)

Shanty Town—a collection of 300 huts on a bed of garbage—is to be given beauty treatment before Princess Margaret passes through it from the Trinidad airport to Government House on February 1. Shanties facing the road will be smartened up—the rest will get a coat of paint.—*News Chronicle*. (G. D. F. Rennie.)

A man accused of stealing the same pair of boots twice from a Stafford market stall told Stafford magistrates yesterday that all he wanted to do was to take out the studs he had hammered into them after he had first stolen them. He said the studs belonged to him.—*Manchester Guardian*. (David Hawke.)

DIPLOMATIC CHASERS

It would be wrong to expect Her Majesty's representatives abroad to have a lower standard of entertainment than local personalities.
White Paper on Select Committee's Estimates.

Ye Embassies of England
Whom skinflints now assail,
Whose entertainment must remain
Upon a lavish scale,
Your living standard raise again,
Your country's wealth to show,
Though expense is immense
And the Commons' breezes blow,
The Foreign Office takes your part
While stormy winds do blow!

The spirits of your fathers
Shall never be found short,
Though cocktails now perform the task
Of brandy and old port!
Libations of diplomacy
Will mellow friend and foe—
Let them dine, let them wine
Till they feel a rosy glow,
Then let the Dry Martinis gush,
The champagne cocktails flow!

Britannia asks no envoy
To live on bread and cheese,
Nor shall her proud Ambassadors
Serve bun and sandwich teas!
With banquets of magnificence
Her name and fame will grow—
Feast in state off gold plate,
Or her prestige will sink low!
If Embassies economise
Her prestige will be low!

No skimping for Ambassadors
In these convivial scenes!
Diplomacy is jeopardised
By thoughts of ways and means!
Carte blanche for hospitality
This country must bestow.
England will foot the bill
Though stormy winds do blow—
Till Commons' watchdogs bark no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

SAGITTARIUS

Rivals in Cambodia

THE Cambodian general elections will be perhaps unique in South-East Asia, certainly in Indo-China, because Communism will not be the main issue. There will be a struggle between personalities, of which two will be outstandingly important—King Norodom Sihanouk and the ex-Prime Minister (and, later, rebel) Son Ngoc Thanh. Round these two manœuvre partisans of rival Indian and American foreign policies.

During the war there was a small Viet Minh-backed resistance force in Eastern Cambodia. Under the Geneva Agreements they were offered, not the land "regroupment areas" given to the Pathet Lao in Laos, but only straightforward surrender and amnesty terms. According to an interview the King gave to the *Journal D'Extrême Orient* in October, not all the Khmer Viet Minh, as the Cambodian Communists are called, have surrendered, and not all the regular Viet Minh troops have left the country. The King even claimed to be in possession of documents plotting a Communist *coup d'état* if they were defeated in the elections. But the King's reference was more to the Khmer Viet Minh's failure to claim their Cambodian identity cards, and to come into the towns, than to continued armed resistance. Indeed, in a country of about four million people, the Khmer Viet Minh have not more than about 3,000 adherents.

Of the other resistance leaders and plain bandit chiefs who have fought against the French—and sometimes against the Royal Cambodian Government—Son Ngoc Thanh is easily the most important. Both the present Prime Minister and the King acknowledge that he has no connection with the Viet Minh; and as the Viet Minh did not bargain for him at Geneva he has no special position under the agreements. Son Ngoc Thanh was Prime Minister during the Japanese occupation; and after the war he was sent to France to await trial as a war criminal on charges of collaborating with the Japanese. Most of the National Assembly elected in 1951 supported him; and when he returned to Cambodia in 1952, he heard rumours that the King's Government, prompted by the French, planned to arrest him. He fled to Siem Reap, by the ruins of Angkor near the Siamese border, where he organised his own resistance movement. During the last two years he has been joined by many of the country's intellectuals, including Cambodian students returning from abroad. "The dispossessed intellectual types," an American official said.

King Norodom Sihanouk has played a more complicated part in Cambodia's immensely popular struggle against the French. He has at least three roles — Bronze Age god king, Eighteenth-century benevolent despot, and Twentieth-century French-educated constitutional monarch. The King is apparently always ready to receive Western journalists in his palace, with its curved pagoda roof and Victorian glass chandeliers and furniture. He offered me dry champagne and sponge biscuits, and spoke a few words in English, and then in the French he learnt at the French secondary school in Saigon and at St. Cyr. But it is the same king who personally turns the waters of the Mekong river at the *Fête Des Eaux*; he is the central figure in the midnight rites to the full moon which lights the Fête, and it is his sins and the nation's which are ceremonially washed away in the Mekong water poured by a Brahmin priest from a sacred bowl.

During the war Norodom Sihanouk spoke for his country's independence in France and the United States. Early in 1953 he threatened to stay in exile in Thailand until Cambodia was given her full independence. After French concessions later in the year he was able to rally many of the dissident Cambodian movements (but not Son Ngoc Thanh's) and marshal his army as France's ally in the struggle against the Viet Minh. Today, he is the political power in Cambodia. He dissolved the National Assembly in 1953, when he pledged himself personally to secure independence and security for Cambodia. The Prime Minister says that he is a businessman, not a politician; he took office only on the direct orders of the King, and nothing will induce him to stay in politics after the elections.

One of the issues of these elections will certainly be the freedom allowed by the present Government to its political opponents under "the special law." This gives the Government power to suspend the liberty of the Press (there is no opposition paper published in Cambodia), to ban public meetings, and to make arrests without a specific charge. The "special law" will probably be suspended during the actual elections; but its imposition early in 1953 was opposed by the National Assembly, and Son Ngoc Thanh's supporters claim that many of them have been arrested under this law. Indeed, it is partly because of the "special law" that Son Ngoc Thanh—in spite of the King's appeals and his own official surrender in September to Government officials—has stayed hidden in the countryside of Siem Reap instead of coming to Phnom Penh. Cambodia has a stormy past of political assassination, and Son Ngoc Thanh wants guarantees of his life, his freedom and his rights to campaign in the coming elections. According to the Prime Minister, the Government cannot make "special guarantees" for Son Ngoc Thanh; but he will have the rights assured to all under the Geneva Agreements.

These rights do not include, the Prime Minister said to me, liberty to campaign against Cambodia's constitutional monarchy, and he was afraid that Son Ngoc Thanh was a man with "some republican ideas." But to members of the International Commission in Cambodia Son Ngoc Thanh has denied that he is a republican. He wants, he says, a constitutional monarchy on, perhaps, the British model. This is also, according to British officials in Phnom Penh, the King's own ambition. The King told me that he wanted a Second House to balance any hastiness of the National Assembly, so that he would not need to dissolve it again. The Prime Minister had previously said that the King would naturally take no part in the election campaign; and the King added that the Assembly would choose its own Prime Minister. But when I asked about defence and the army, he said that this could be no concern of the National Assembly, whose business it would be to raise the people's standards of living, leaving other questions to himself.

This problem of Cambodia's defence may be another point of contention between the King and Son Ngoc Thanh. A paper issued by Son Ngoc Thanh's supporters calls for "a neutral foreign policy." Son Ngoc Thanh had a long interview with Mr. Nehru during the latter's recent visit to Cambodia, and his party's foreign policy is said to be reliance on India, a small army, no commitments to the American policies of cold war and Seato guarantees. The King, however, says that Nehru's visit signifies no potential Cambodian-Indian alliance—only the possible recognition of Cambodia by India (India has so far recognised none of the Indo-Chinese States) and the exchange of normal diplomatic representatives.

The King thinks that an American military mission, at least charged with the distribution of American military aid, will probably be set up in Cambodia. An American official in Phnom Penh told me that the question of such a mission had been informally raised, but the training of the Cambodian army was at present entrusted to a French military mission, and he did not see how two training missions could work together. However that may be, the King denied the Phnom Penh rumour of an American military base in Cambodia; and he also said that the army was not going to be increased much beyond its present 30,000 men, although it would certainly need new modern equipment.

Probably not many Cambodians really think that their country could be effectively defended against an all-out Viet Minh offensive, if the Viet Minh controlled South Viet Nam. Eastern Cambodia is simply an extension of the flat Cochin China rice plain, and both Cambodia and Viet Nam claim parts of each other's territory. But a peaceful Viet Minh-controlled Viet Nam might be a better neighbour than the present confused country, where private armies vaguely appertaining to the sects who support the Saigon Government—the Hoa Hao and the Cao Dai—are waging their own private and profitable "wars" against Cambodian border villages. Even a hostile Viet Nam might be content with economic barriers against Cambodia, and the closing, perhaps, of the port of Saigon to the Mekong river traffic, which at present takes rice and rubber out of Cambodia and brings manufactured goods in. If this happened, there is a railway from Phnom Penh to Bangkok, but this railway is not at present fully linked up, although the Prime Minister said it would be "very soon." (But is Thailand, which during the war annexed two Cambodian provinces, an altogether reliable neighbour?) Perhaps Cambodia's most urgent project is the building of an ocean port on the bay of Kompong Som. This port is already planned, and contributions towards the cost of building it are expected from the American civil aid programme, French civil aid to Cambodia, and perhaps from the Colombo Plan.

Phnom Penh. LOIS MITCHISON

Figures of Fashion

ALL last week they were converging on Paris, by transatlantic liner, by Constellation from Chicago, by Elizabethan from London, by DC4 from Stockholm: 700 fashion editors and correspondents, 150 photographers, 500 buyers, 100 fashion models, trade spies from London, New York and Rome, starlets, press agents, talent scouts, and convoys of shiny cars loaded with the world's most expensive women. Waiting for them, in the exclusive avenues between the Concorde and the Etoile, were the 8,000 employees of the Paris dress industry, 10,000 jealously guarded dresses, and the tiny handful of overworked geniuses who keep the whole thing going. And, despite the light-hearted chatter of the *salons*, and the yapping of the innumerable tiny dogs that seem inseparable from high fashion, everyone was being very, very serious. The middle-aged young man from the big dress house was wearing a maroon-coloured velvet tie, but his conversation was anything but frivolous. "The Spring collection can make or break us," he told me. "One badly received collection and it's touch and go. Two, and we're finished. And everything has to go like clockwork. Before the war, if we weren't ready, we could postpone the opening for a day or two. If we did it today it would cost us $100,000—perhaps more."

The middle-aged young man was not exaggerating. Fashion is now one of France's ten major industries, its second biggest dollar-earner. This year's Spring collections represent an investment, on the part of the 52 *maisons de couture-création*, of £2 million—£1,200,000 for the cost of the dresses, and £800,000 for the showings. The days when Jacques Fath created and staged a collection in a two-room apartment, using his wife as model, are gone for ever. Today's dress-houses are huge, highly organised factories, employing hundreds of men and women. Dior, in his Paris establishment alone, has a staff of 950: there are 30 saleswomen, each with an assistant, 250 seamstresses, 250 apprentices, plus a complex hierarchy of executives, publicity agents and accountants. Even a medium-sized house like Lanvin-Castillo employs 350 people and presents 150 models at each collection—an investment of £25,000. The dresses themselves constitute an enormous gamble on public taste. Only about one-third of those created are actually presented, and of these 25 per cent. or more remain unsold. The cost of creating a dress—especially elaborate evening gowns—is often many times higher than its sale price. At the last Winter collections, one of the most expensive dresses cost 110 man-hours and over £1,000 to produce. It was priced at £560 and only one copy was sold.

To meet their costs, couturiers nowadays have to rely heavily on the buyers from big ready-to-wear dress firms, chiefly in America. Depending on the house, buyers pay from £75 to £350 for

the right to see the collections. If they buy a model for copying, they may pay as much as three times its sale price; and they can also buy *toiles*—copies of models made up in stiff canvas—which cost from £80 upwards. At Lanvin-Castillo, for instance, buyers account for 25 per cent. of the turnover, at Dior for as much as 35 per cent. Nevertheless, the individual client is still the mainstay of the industry, accounting for roughly 75 per cent. of the turnover. And, despite devaluation, the most profitable customer is still the Frenchwoman. Even Dior, the most "international" of the houses, state that 50 per cent. of their private customers are French. At Fath, a more representative house, 69 per cent. are French, 25 per cent. Americans, and the remaining 6 per cent. are (in order) Swiss, Belgians, Italians and British.

The relative importance of different nationalities varies with the house. Balenciaga has an almost exclusively French clientele, Lanvin-Castillo exports to South America, Desses to the Middle-East. (A dangerous practice, this. In 1952, the king-breaking activities of Mossadeq and Neguib led to the bankruptcy of two small houses.) But in general, couturiers are not over-anxious to secure the patronage of wives of millionaires and princes: they cause a great deal of trouble and seldom pay their bills promptly. At Fath, I was told: "Last Spring, a foreign lady spent £10,000 in one day. But our best clients come from the upper middle-classes. They're usually French, aged between 30 and 45, and spend an average of £800 a year." It is for such women that the bulk of the collections—costumes, coats and afternoon dresses—is created. Extravagant cocktail dresses and evening gowns, though they may help to make or maintain a couturier's reputation, are seldom lucrative. The real profits come from comparatively simple day models, costing from £150 to £180, which can be sold many times over. Last winter, for instance, Fath sold 80 copies of "Colbert," a costume in grey flannel, during the first 17 days of the showings.

Despite the practice of duplicating models, and the elaborate sales links with American department stores, high fashion is no longer by itself a profitable investment. Elsa Schiaparelli was probably right when she announced last year: "The traditional dress house can no longer exist." For today, the Paris houses are faced with a double threat: on the one hand, rising fashion industries in London, Rome and Madrid; on the other, increasing competition from the French *couturiers en gros*, who sell medium-priced dresses, in large quantities, to the big department stores, and who threaten to take away from the Paris houses their best patron—the wealthy Frenchwoman. Even before the war, many couturiers lost money on the dress houses; their profits came mainly from perfumes, made popular by their reputations as couturiers. Nowadays, they find it necessary to branch out in other directions. Nearly all maintain *boutiques*, small shops, usually located on the ground floor of their establishments, where they sell shoes, gloves, hats and accessories to a predominantly middle-class public. Such activities may provide only a small part of the turnover (at Fath, for instance, hats, *boutique* and perfumes total 36 per cent.), but they often bring in the lion's share of the profits. Many couturiers, in fact, are now creating separate businesses. Dior markets nylon stockings—sold by the million—and runs huge independent dress establishments in New York and Venezuela. Two years ago, Fath entered the American ready-to-wear industry, creating special models, each of which is reproduced 100,000 times. The big fashion houses are now complex financial concerns, operating, as they do, a network of satellite firms all over the globe.

This development, involving as it does greater and greater capital resources, is gradually transforming the nature of the industry. Fashion houses are ceasing to be highly personal establishments, revolving exclusively round the talent of the couturier himself. They are tending to become, instead, mere shop windows for big textile interests, elaborate publicity machines, through which new shades, patterns and materials can be launched on a mass public. The opening of the Dior house in 1946 marked the beginning of this new trend. For Dior is not an old-style couturier, an *entrepreneur* who controls the capital of his firm. He is a salaried designer, financed by Marcel Boussac, an industrialist who controls an estimated 40 per cent. of the French textile industry. A Dior collection is thus, in a sense, merely the last of a long train of events which includes elaborate market surveys, experiments in the Boussac research laboratories, and the mass-production of millions of yards of material. Other houses are now following Dior's example. Last year, Fath concluded an agreement with Jean Prouvost, France's second largest textile magnate. Under this, the Fath establishment is to design regular collections of ready-to-wear clothes, backed by a nation-wide marketing system and elaborate publicity—not merely in *Figaro* and *Paris-Match*, which Prouvost owns, but also in *Marie-Claire*, a mass-circulation women's magazine created for this purpose.

Under the increasing pressure of Big Business, is the independent designer doomed to disappear? Not necessarily. True, the casualties have been heavy: five or six of the big pre-war houses have already disappeared, or dropped back into the second rank. But Balenciaga is an example of an independent house which has maintained and even increased its sales (it is now Number Three in the hierarchy) thanks to the brilliance of its designer. Givenchy (now Number Four) is another. And even houses like Fath and Dior, despite their enormous financial backing, still depend to an alarming extent on the ability of one man to produce, year after year, new and saleable ideas. One of America's leading fashion editresses told me: "Dior has the biggest backing and the best organisation. Is that why he is the Number One couturier? No. It's because he also has the greatest ability as a designer." From this point of view, the house of Fath provides an interesting problem. Shortly after he had concluded his agreement with Prouvost, Jacques Fath himself died, thus removing the cornerstone of the new financial edifice. Can it survive without him? The answer to this question will undoubtedly provide a key to the future of the Paris fashion industry.

Paris. PAUL JOHNSON

So They Say . . .

AMONG the daily newspapers, the *Manchester Guardian* reacted most quickly and unfavourably to President Eisenhower's Message, which, on January 25, it condemned as deplorably ambiguous, "a grave blunder . . . that can be read as threatening an American attack on the mainland. . . . The wretched tragedy is that the American initiative, intended to promote a settlement, is going to have the opposite effect. The damage . . . will be hard to undo." On the following days, as it continued to give excellent reporting from the U.S., it repeated its strictures. On Thursday, January 27, it listed Chiang's provocations of the Communists and asked:

> Is American policy playing a double game or has it gone into reverse? . . . Has Washington any idea how deeply it appears to be putting itself in the wrong?

After pointing out the Message implied that "the Americans will fire the first shot," the *Guardian* urged on Saturday that the U.S. be "persuaded to amend its declarations" and "agree that Formosa should in effect be neutralised and demilitarised." On Monday, January 31, it added that while the U.S. must "withdraw the Nationalists to Formosa and the Pescadores at once and confine them there," China should be told that "any attempt to take Formosa by force would be wrong and would certainly bring upon her severe American action."

Conservative newspapers tended to support Eisenhower. On January 27, the *Daily Telegraph* wrote: "The Americans are not going to sponsor a Nationalist counter-attack on the mainland. . . . This makes even more astonishing the intemperate support of Communist China's standpoint by Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan: the contention that we would be intervening in a civil war is just false." The *Daily Mail*, on January 31, echoed this Tory line.

> It is no use, therefore, Mr. Attlee going all prim and acidulous over the Formosan business. . . . If the U.N. declared China an aggressor and called on the members to aid the victim, should we break our bond?

Two days before, the *Daily Express* had similarly insisted that "Britain's role is clear. She knows that American policy is honest and peaceable. She should stand by her great ally."

The *Daily Sketch* (January 27) admitted that "there is a risk in this policy," but thought that the President's statement was "a welcome clearing-up of a dangerously uncertain situation."

The *Daily Herald*, encouraged by Mr. Attlee's stand, took the opposite view on January 29.

> The country is united in this matter behind the Labour Party. The Government should end any lingering doubts in American minds. No British gun will be fired for Chiang Kai-shek.

This position had been taken the day before by the *Daily Mirror*. Mr. Attlee was right in calling this a civil war, in which America was intervening. Though the *Mirror* thought America "entitled to hold and defend Formosa as long as the Chinese Communists remain menacing," its main message was repeated in a front-page box.

> The British people believe that America's present policy on China is wrong and perilous. If America involves herself in a major war because of this policy, such a war would NOT command the sympathy of the British people.

All last week *The Times* was muted and defensive. On January 28 it conceded that "peace would gain if [Eisenhower] insisted that Chiang Kai-shek's raids on the mainland be stopped," and that if the Nationalists were withdrawn from the off-shore islands, "which have at best only a nuisance value," the Western countries "could then be surer where the fault lay if there were still stiff fighting in the Formosa Straits." But, on Monday, it argued that the U.S. "is certainly not prepared to give up Formosa as part of its defensive chain," and that "the decision rests chiefly with Peking." The *Observer*, on Sunday, also thought that "the moral position of the United States" depended on whether the evacuation of the off-shore islands had been offered "in plain words," but went on to attack Mr. Attlee for thinking it right that Chiang's troops and the refugees "should be abandoned to Peking's

"I like Opera but . . .

it's so deucedly difficult to fit in these days. Busy man and all that . . . frightful bother until my young jackanapes of a nephew badgered me into getting a Black Box. Switch on any odd moment now. Don't miss a thing . . . might just as well be in the Opera House. All due to something or other called Hi Fi so they tell me."

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vengeance. That would be a shocking act of betrayal." Though the *Observer* conceded that defence of Formosa was "intervention in a civil war," it argued that it was "sheer hypocrisy to pretend that non-intervention . . . can be a universal rule of conduct for the free nations. What matters is the objective of the intervention." The *Sunday Times* similarly deplored Mr. Attlee's attempt to divide Britain and America.

Though, on February 1, the *News Chronicle* havered to the conclusion that any war would be China's fault, and that opinion should be mobilised behind the Americans, it was the *Economist* which offered the most excited defence of the President. He, it wrote

> . . . is in fact leading American policy to the point where a comprehensive settlement in the Far East should be possible. . . . The Americans are wisely taking no chance. . . . *If there is renewed war in the Far East, it will be because of Communist aggression alone.* . . . The Americans are doing no more than support an ally who is a member of the United Nations. If war comes, it comes because Mao wants it . . . those, like Mr. Attlee, who imply that it is all the United States' fault—are simply playing the Communists' game . . . to egg the Communists on, as Mr. Attlee is doing, is to work for war. [*My italics.*]

A Liberal reader who tries to reconcile these views with those of the *Guardian* may well be baffled by such Orwellian double-think.

QUEEQUEG

Planned Families

THERE are people who need the pictorial stimulus of a Ripley *Believe It or Not* to show them the cosmic facts of life. I am one of these, and I acquired a new grasp of the Malthusian prophecy the other day when I read that the entire population of the earth, two and a half thousand millions, could comfortably get on to the Isle of Wight.

In relation to the anxious question of world resources, this no doubt could lull dangerously. Nevertheless, I am encouraged by a number of reputable authorities to hope that there may still be enough to eat in the coming centuries, since eating habits change so much, and since scientific and non-commercial exploration are yet in their infancy (no one yet knows the buried secrets of the great deserts, untrodden Antarctica is larger than the whole of Australia, and so on). But even in these islands, the urgency of family planning—the more socially significant name for birth control—seems to be little understood: the wrong people are still having the most children, in Britain as in Calcutta or in the corrugated iron slums of Johannesburg. There are still women in England who have had fifteen children "and reared nine," and more women than ever who cannot—or think they cannot—have any at all. The Royal Commission on Population said in June 1949:

> Public policy should assume and seek to encourage the spread of voluntary parenthood. . . . In our view there is no practicable alternative to contraception as a means of controlling the rate of growth of the population. . . . It is in the long-run interests of the family that voluntary parenthood should become universal.

Which is to say that it is in the long-run interests of humanity. But one of the facts established clearly by the monumental report of Professors D. V. Glass and E. Grebenik on the much-discussed "Family Census" that supplemented the normal census in 1946* is that "family limitation is even more widespread in Britain than has been previously estimated," and is no longer likely to bring about any substantial fall in national fertility. There has been a consistent fall in family size with increasing age at marriage; and although there is no wider spacing of births, there is a shortening of the time in which a family is acquired.

Reading the Glass-Grebenik report I was reminded of the valuable work being done at the clinics of the Family Planning Association, which have now for over thirty years been fighting the very ignorance, apathy, and even malevolence that hampered the 1946 Family Census, obstacles that were ably sustained by a few national and many local newspapers. The "inquisitorial" nature of the inquiry form was angrily denounced: it was represented as a cunning device for checking income tax evasion, as a survey of billeting possibilities, as a means of looking round to see whether you possessed a wireless set and had a licence for it, and as any number of attacks upon privacy and the integrity of family life; and it is believed that the women who refused to divulge any information about the ages of their children and their husbands' jobs were in most cases merely obeying their husbands' commands.

Husbands, in fact, are the main problem. It is inevitable, to take one example, that doctors studying and treating sub-fertility should regard the wife as the better half of the marriage contract, since the result of successful treatment is conception by the wife; but she may not be at all responsible for her previous failure. It is she, nevertheless, who first goes to the doctor or the Family Planning Clinic, and it is the self-esteem of her husband that gets the roughest jolt when it transpires that it may be he himself who, although potent, is not fertile. Englishmen, I gather, react to this jolt in much the same way as men in Mohammedan countries where a subordinate status for women is a masculine article of faith. Dr. Michael Hemans told a recent meeting of the National Marriage Guidance Council that clinics in French North Africa are often visited by Arabs bringing their wives to be examined and tested, since under Moslem law the man can obtain a divorce if his wife does not bear him a child. But it is only if the man himself believes that he is becoming impotent (as distinct from being infertile) that he will submit to investigation, and he does it then under the stress of a Moslem tradition that almost prefers death to impotency. In this country, potency and fertility are similarly identified, to this day, in the minds of the majority.

This is natural enough, in view of the sketchy or non-existent preparation for marriage and parenthood in the education of most of our children. On a recent visit to the North Kensington Marriage Welfare Centre, a branch of the Family Planning Association that has recently started informal discussion groups for engaged and newly married couples, I was reminded how often there are medical examinations in schools and in qualifying for employment, and yet how seldom for the vastly more important business of marriage. Apart from apathy and ignorance, however, and apart also from active hostility to the whole idea of planned families, there seems to be a tendency even among socially conscious persons to believe that the battle against uncontrolled population is won, and that clinics are now superfluous because everyone can go to a chemist's shop. The first belief gained some ground with the publication of the Report of the Royal Commission on Population: the second disregards the need, as widespread now as ever, for straightforward medical advice and instruction in the technique of family planning.

When the Family Planning Association got one small paragraph into a Sunday newspaper during the war, over five thousand people wrote for the Association's booklet *Practical Advice on Birth Control*; and when a short article in the *Daily Mirror* in 1951 said that the Association would answer individual inquiries for a fee of two shillings, over 3,000 letters arrived at its headquarters. There is a constant demand, I was told at the clinic, for new clinics in areas not yet covered, and the Association cannot meet it for lack of funds. The field of sex difficulties in marriage was not one that the Association sought originally to enter; but it has been found that couples seeking advice on family planning are so often in the mood to confide their personal sex troubles that this branch of the work became a virtual necessity; and some of the larger clinics now run special sessions for husbands and for wives.

If in this country, as compared with the allegedly backward ones, a declining population is a matter for concern—if indeed "family limitation is even more widespread in Britain than has been previously estimated"—then even the ethical opponents of birth control might sensibly encourage a policy of getting children born into households where they are wanted. There are hospitals and private specialists doing this kind of work, and free advice is obtainable under the National Health Service. The hospitals and the specialists may be better equipped, and are certainly better housed and less hampered by lack of funds, than the clinic I saw at North Kensington. But I believe that the atmosphere of a hospital may be wrong for this purpose, that married couples who merely seek this kind of advice do not react happily to the smell of ether and the bustle of nurses, and that the quiet, friendly, matter-of-fact job going on in the clinics of the Family Planning Association and its kindred organisations is a vital social service; too little known, and too much taken for granted.

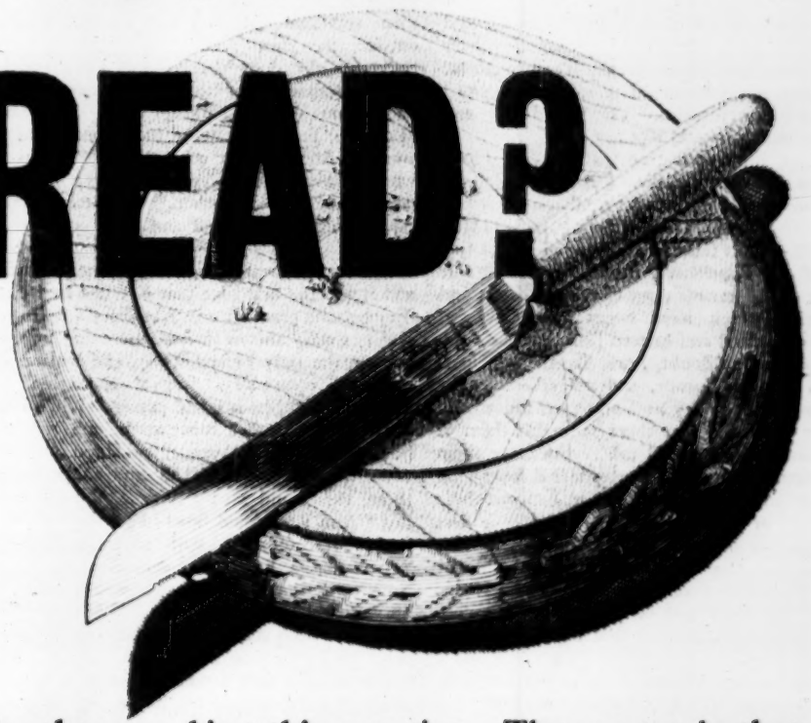
C. H. ROLPH

* Papers of the Royal Commission on Population, Vol. VI. *The Trend and Pattern of Fertility in Great Britain.* By D. V. Glass and E. Grebenik. H.M.S.O. £3 10s.

Kot

S. S. KOTELIANSKY, always known as Kot, who has just died, was a remarkable man. He was a Jew physically of the Trotsky type, with thick black hair going straight up in the air, eyes looking at, through, and over you with a look in them of desperate and yet resigned intensity. When he shook hands with you, you felt that all the smaller bones in your hand must certainly have been permanently crushed to a fine powder. The handshake was merely an unconscious part of Kot's passionate intensity and integrity. I had a secret hope that those whom Kot didn't like didn't get that devastating handshake, and so it was worth while enduring the pain, having experienced what, I felt, one would have experienced if Elijah, Isaiah and Jeremiah had shaken hands with one. For if you knew Kot well, you understood what a major Hebrew prophet must have been like. If Jeremiah had been born in a ghetto village of the Ukraine in 1882, he would have been Kot. There are some Jews who, though their ancestors have for centuries lived in European ghettoes, are born with certain characteristics which the sun and sand of the desert beat into the bodies and minds of Semites. The heat of the desert burns their bodies until they are tempered into steel; it tempers their minds until they seem to be purified of all spiritual grit, leaving in mind and soul only pure, undiluted, austere, fanatical passion. I am

What's happened to BREAD?



A lot of people are asking this question. The answer is that THINGS DON'T JUST HAPPEN TO BREAD; the baker produces the kind that people seem to want. So you see, it's up to you. There's white, National white, brown, wholemeal, and wheatgerm bread. Each is different, each is good, but for high food value wheatgerm bread is outstanding.

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Inside information

Strip off the wheat-grain's outer husk (the bran) and inside is the starchy white kernel and the wheatgerm. It's from the white kernel alone that the whitest flour is made, and, if you like it, this makes the all-white loaf that seemed so desirable in the days when we couldn't have it.

The heart of the wheat

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National white bread

National white may not have the gleaming whiteness of some white bread, because it still has a little of the bran and a fraction of the wheatgerm left in it. Dieticians are in two minds about the value of bran so far as humans are concerned, but everyone agrees that the more wheatgerm we get, the better. So there's another good kind of bread for you.

What Wholemeal means

It means just what it says—the whole meal, or wheat berry, ground into a flour with nothing added and nothing taken away. This means that you get all the bran (which may or may not suit you), and you lose no wheatgerm, and that's definitely a good thing.

Better and better

But wouldn't it be even better—since wheatgerm is such a good thing—if we could have not only the small original portion of wheatgerm, but a great deal more besides? Well, we can—in Hovis. Hovis flour is unique. It has no bran; that has gone to do its most useful job, feeding animals. But it has *extra* wheatgerm, between 8 and 9 times more than you can get in wholemeal.

The slice of life

This is what makes Hovis the slice of life—gives it its specially interesting flavour, and gives energy and well-being to people who eat it regularly. To our way of thinking, when it comes to wheatgerm, that makes Hovis eight to nine times better than bread was in the good old days. And you can't ask for more than that, can you?

Photograph on an Ilford film

Hovis is the Slice of Life

not saying whether this is good or bad—I don't know—but æsthetically it is austerely beautiful—in daily life it is also often extremely uncomfortable. Kot was not a comfortable man, but neither was Elijah nor Isaiah, I should guess. I have seen or felt the same qualities of steely, repressed, purged passion, burnt into a Semite by the sun and sand, in an ordinary Arab pearl-diver from the Persian Gulf; he stood on the shore in Ceylon looking down on his dead brother—he had died when diving for pearls at the Ceylon pearl fishery—and he made me a long speech. It was in Arabic and I did not understand a word, and yet I understood every word. It was Isaiah and Jeremiah and Job—and Kot.

I do not think it is true that, as *The Times* said, Kot was born in Kiev. I always understood from him that he came from a village. It was a Jewish village and his family, before the 1914 war, were well off, his father owning a mill. The fortunes of the Kotelianskys family in the Ukraine are part of the terrible story of misery, death, and destruction which have swept over Jew and Gentile in central and eastern Europe since 1914. For centuries, no doubt, Jews, like the Kotelianskys in Eastern Europe, suffered spasmodically from pogroms. Every now and then a death by violence here or a rape there reminded them of what some people would call realities; for them it was something which you expected from God and from the Government, but in between these visitations or realities the Lord more or less honoured his promise to Abram. After 1914, families like the Kotelianskys were ruthlessly wiped off the face of the earth. Their village suffered the tramplings of more than three conquests, it was fought over first by the Austrians and the Russians, then by White Guards and a "brigand" called, I think, Petlura, and finally by the Red Army. The Kotelianskys family was well liked even by their Christian neighbours, and, when anti-Semitic armies were known to be approaching, the old grandmother was hurried away by her Christian neighbours into the comparative safety of their village. She died in the midst of one of these removals and by the end of the fighting, when the Red Army finally established itself, Kot's parents and most of his brothers and sisters and their families had been liquidated by one side or the other. One brother did escape and in the early Twenties managed to reach Antwerp, and thence London and Canada.

Kot came to London with some kind of scholarship a few years before the 1914 war. He must have been nearly 30. In 1914 he met D. H. Lawrence on a walking tour in the Lakes and they took to each other at once. Kot's passionate approval of what he thought good, particularly in people; his intense hatred of what he thought bad; the directness and vehemence of his speech; his inability to tell a lie—all this appealed strongly to Lawrence. If you said to Kot: "Do you like such and such a book?" and he did not, he would say; "It is hor-r-r-ible," and the roll of the r's was like the thunder from Mt. Sinai. Or he would say of someone of whom he disapproved: "A swindler, just a swindler,"—and you felt that Kot's vehemence had blown away all veils and uncovered the nakedness of a mean sinner. Or if he approved of someone, he would say: "You see, he is a *real* person, yes a *real* person," and you would feel that you and he and that "real person" had received some blessed vision of reality. Lawrence liked all this in Kot and they became very fond of each other.

Kot once told me a little story which gives the flavour of his character and of his relations with the Lawrence circle. Kot went to stay for a week-end with Lawrence and Frieda Lawrence near Chesham. It was only the second time that he had met Frieda and only the third time of his meeting Lawrence. At lunch Frieda began lamenting how much she missed her children. (She had left her husband and children in order to marry Lawrence.) Kot said: "Frieda, you have left your children to marry Lawrence. You must choose either your children or Lawrence—and if you choose Lawrence, you must stop complaining about the children." After lunch Frieda left them and Lawrence and Kot sat talking while outside the rain poured down in torrents. Suddenly the door opened and there stood a young woman with her skirts tucked up, in Wellington boots, soaking wet. She said: "Lorenzo, Frieda has asked me to come and tell you that she will not come back." "Damn the woman," shouted Lawrence in a fury; "tell her I never want to see her again." The young woman said nothing, but turned and went out into the rain.

The young woman was Katherine Mansfield and it was the first time that Kot saw her. Later they became great friends. Katherine's feeling for Kot is clearly shown in her letters and journals; he was the only person whom she trusted and respected completely. And of Katherine, Kot always said: "She is a real person." When I first knew Kot, he had a room at the top of a high building in Sicilian Avenue, and there sometimes when we were sitting talking and Katherine was there, she would say: "Now Kot, howl like a dog." And Kot would howl like a dog with such canine verisimilitude, with so melancholy and penetrating a howl, that far off from Russell Square or Tavistock Square would come the answering howl of real dogs. This accomplishment had been acquired by Kot in the following way. When a young man in the Ukraine he had fallen in love with a woman living in a village about five miles from his home. He used once a week to go and see her and then had to walk back the five miles late in the night. The darkness, loneliness, silence terrified him, and he taught himself to howl like a dog because then the dogs in distant villages howled in answer to him and he felt that at any rate he was not entirely alone in a dark and hostile world.

Kot was a very fine translator from the Russian, and at one time or another Lawrence, Katherine Mansfield, Virginia Woolf, and I collaborated with him in translating books by Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Tchekhov, Gorky, and Bunin. The translation of Bunin's *Gentleman from San Francisco*, which he did with Lawrence, is magnificent, and Gorky's *Reminiscences of Tolstoy* is a very remarkable book. His method was to write out the translation in his own strange English and leave a large space between the lines in which I then turned his English into my English. His English was indeed strange, but also so vivid and individual that I was often tempted to leave it untouched. For instance, he wrote: "She came into the room carrying in her arms a peeled-off little dog," and on another occasion: "she wore a haggish look." You only learned to the full Kot's intensity and integrity by collaborating with him in a Russian translation. I taught myself a smattering of Russian in order to be able to understand something of what he was doing. After I had turned his first draft into English English, we then went through it sentence by sentence. Kot had a most sensitive understanding of and feeling for language and literature and also a strong and subtle mind. He would pass no sentence until he was absolutely convinced that it gave the exact shade of meaning and feeling of the original and we would sometimes be a quarter of an hour arguing over a single word.

Yes, Kot was "a real person."

LEONARD WOOLF

The New Statesman and Nation, February 5, 1955

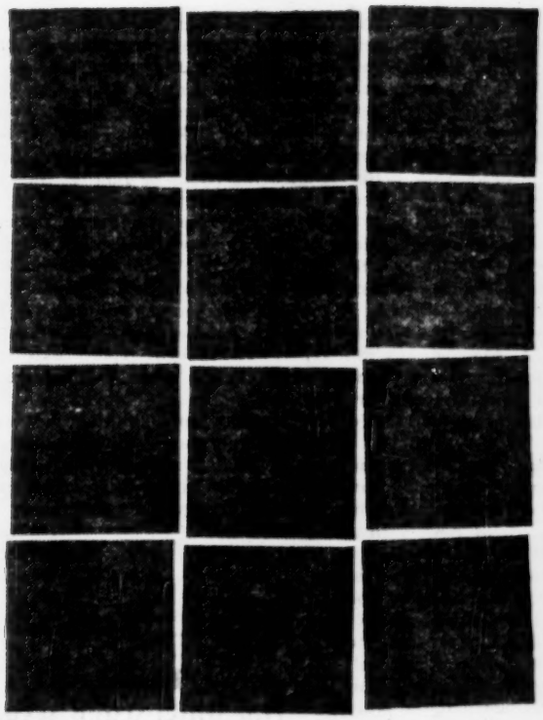
A Whale of a Task

It was our tall, gangling policeman, M. Leluc, whom everyone calls "Lulu," who first brought the news from the beach. The golden stretch of busy summer playground is, at this time of the year, a lonely shore menaced by rampaging seas. A solitary bathing-cabin, forgotten and forlorn, is gradually sinking sideways with weariness and *ennui*; its only visitor is Titine, the town's adopted tramp, who goes down the beach at low tide to collect shrimps that she sells from door to door. But every morning, early, Lulu cycles slowly along the front with as keen an eye as when, in summer, elegant Parisiennes are undressing on the sands in violation of by-laws momentarily ignored by our police force. Sometimes, after a night of heavy seas, Lulu discovers on the beach great chunks of barnacled timber than might have been part of a LST or of a Spanish galleon; occasionally he finds that one of the by-law notice boards has been blown down. But never has he found anything of great import or urgency, a break in the promenade wall or a corpse on the beach. And he returns to the centre of the town, cycling slowly and with dignity, his peaked hat clamped firmly down over one eye, to make his report to M. Marchal at the Town Hall.

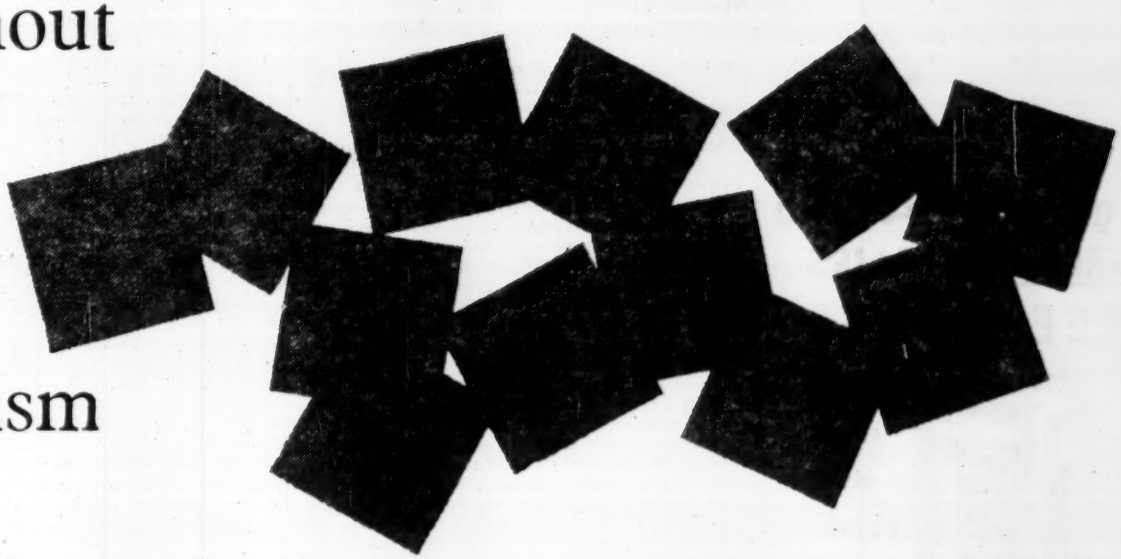
So when he was seen that morning pedalling furiously up the main street, his cheeks ruddy with effort, his hat bouncing on the back of his head, we knew something was amiss down on the beach. He flung a word right and left as he dashed along, but few people thought they had heard aright. Yet when, in threes and fours, we hurried down to the sea-front there indeed was the whale, quite a large whale, and obviously dead.

During the next couple of days there was usually a small crowd gathered curiously around the whale. People came from the villages inland, where distractions are remarkably few, and the cafés in the town did unexpected business. But we who are not café proprietors were beginning to raise the question of how the whale could be got rid of, at little or no expense to the public purse. Some of the people who came to look at it helped a little by hacking off fillets to take home and cook—for, as these people added in their prudent Norman fashion, "*avec de la crême et du vin blanc, ça ne peut pas être mauvais.*" All this, however, was no more than scratching at the surface of the problem.

Fortunately, our efficient town clerk, M. Marchal, had realised at once the full gravity of the situation. At the council meeting specially held the following day he opened one of his massive, dog-eared volumes and bravely read out a relevant clause in the Municipal Government Act of 1884. There was no doubt about it. There it was in black and white: "The parish is responsible, at its own expense, for the burial of all unidentified corpses and for the disposal of all animals killed during military operations, or through other causes, found on its territory." The twenty-odd representatives of the town looked at each other with some dismay. The town's budget for the year had been balanced with much difficulty and voted after much discussion, and had been duly approved by the *Préfet*. To reopen the matter, to tinker with the extremely delicate mechanism, administrative and financial, in order to provide for an extra expense, was ghastly to contemplate. Perhaps in six months' time . . . but meanwhile the town had several tons of unwanted fish on its territory.



Division without Schism



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Even M. Marchal could hold out but one faint hope. He had discovered a county council order of May, 1924, by which prior responsibility for the disposal of a dead beast was laid upon its owner, title-holder, or lessee. Obviously, said M. Marchal, running his hands through his thin hair, there was no one in either category who could be ascribed to the dead whale. But perhaps some body or other could be persuaded to adopt the requisite relationship?

The councillors stirred hopefully in their chairs. Our stumpy Mayor, his eyes bright with inspiration, named the Natural History Museum of the county; and some councillor, following a similar train of thought, mentioned the Marine Museum at Cherbourg. M. Marchal was instructed to get in touch with both these institutions and to offer them our whale, and the councillors and public left the Town Hall obviously pleased with themselves.

But a few evenings later the council was again in special session. No one wanted the whale. Not that this disheartened the councillors; they are never so alert as when faced, as now, with a challenge to their *débrouillisme*. The Mayor already had another proposal: why not suggest that the whale came within the scope of the *Service de Déminage*? This is the organisation set up soon after the war to clear the mines from the fields and beaches. A regional skeleton staff still remains to deal with the occasional live bomb unearthed by builder's workmen and the stray mine washed up by the sea. Our council unanimously acclaimed the suggestion as apt and promising. Nevertheless, the *Service de Déminage* replied that although it sympathised with the council's situation, its instructions limited it to the disposal of war material. It could have stretched a point for an amphibian DUKW; but for a whale, no.

While this exchange was taking place, M. Marchal, with his usual intelligent perseverance, had been steadily going through the town's archives, pursuing an idea of his own; and had discovered an ancient charter conferring the fishing rights along the coast on a Benedictine monastery of the district. And these rights included the *Droits de Baleine*, the right to claim any whales that were washed up. Unfortunately, all that now remains of the monastery is one gateway and a wall which has been incorporated in the barn of a farm. There was some talk between the Mayor and M. Marchal, so he told me later, of the possible outcome of reminding the farmer of his *Droits de Baleine*. But Lulu presented an official report—as though report were needed—that disposal of the whale had become a matter of urgency.

So next morning, with our policeman in charge of operations, some fishermen towed the whale out to sea. It seemed to me, judging from its condition, that this obvious solution had already been adopted by some community farther along the coast.

LEN ORTZEN

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The Arts and Entertainment

THE MIDSUMMER MARRIAGE

MICHAEL TIPPETT'S opera, produced last week at Covent Garden, is at once splendid and disheartening: it is inevitably sad to see so much fine music saddled with an unwieldy text. The trouble is simple: the composer has insisted on writing his own libretto, and this happens to be a task for which he has few qualifications. A richly gifted musician, with a speculative mind stored with the ideas of Eliot and Yeats and Jung, Tippett is intellectually undisciplined and unself-critical to a surprising degree. His impassioned broadcasts and oracular articles—for instance, the *Observer* series in which some years ago he expounded the theme of his opera—contain ingenious theories and stimulating fancies by the dozen; but they offer little in the way of logical or consecutive thought. At no point, it seems, does the writer pause to consider whether what he has written is sensible or true or even clear; he just forges bravely ahead, hit or miss.

Such a temperament, ebullient and intuitional, readily conceives the idea for a large-scale work of art, but is less effective in the process of its execution. The task of planning a stageworthy opera is exceedingly complex, and demands a great deal of sheer practical cleverness; in such an enterprise a clever collaborator can prove, of enormous value, if only as a restraining influence. As the action of *The Midsummer Marriage* unfolds itself, the baffled spectator begins to suspect that it was all conceived and elaborated on the analyst's couch; for nothing, it seems, is barred, everything has gone straight into the pot. It is perhaps fortunate that so little of the crude dialogue is audible at Covent Garden. Here is that rarity: an opera which it is better *not* to approach by way of its libretto. It will be found more useful to consult the expositors, of whom a small army is already beginning to appear, led at the moment by Andrew Porter: his sympathetic and penetrating essay in the current issue of *Opera* has received the composer's blessing, and is available at Covent Garden as a free pamphlet.

Some preparation is certainly necessary if we are to make head or tail of what we see, and is worth while because the music elicited from the composer by his peculiar plot if often surpassingly beautiful. The opera is a mythological morality which aims at being a modern counterpart of *The Magic Flute*. As in Mozart, there are two couples, one exalted and one mundane, who pass through various magical experiences in order to attain—not Wisdom or Virtue, but the more typically modern goal of Wholeness: that is to say, complete physical and spiritual union. The exalted pair are hindered in this aim, first by the girl's father, an industrial tycoon who seems to be the equivalent of the Queen of the Night; secondly, and more seriously, by the opposition of their own natures: his ardent and earthy, hers virginal to the point of coldness (a similar contrast of male and female temperaments was effectively used in Constant Lambert's ballet, *Horoscope*). Not until each has entered the other's sphere—symbolically, by way of a stairway leading up to paradise, and a cave leading down to what we guess to be a thoroughly healthy sort of Venusberg—can the two be wholly united; when this result is achieved, conventional opposition withers away: the wicked father falls dead. The middle act, from which the exalted couple are absent, is devoted to the rather charming courtship of the mundane pair: the business man's secretary and a young mechanic. Their difficulties seem to consist mainly of the latter's masculine reluctance to come to the point of actually proposing; when the girl does this for him, he readily assents. It all seems quite harmless and cosy, and we are rather surprised when the relationship of the two is promptly symbolised by a musically superb series of ritual dances, in each of which a male animal is ferociously hunted by a female beast of prey.

The action shifts between an everyday, contemporary plane and a magical level which is itself bewilderingly varied. We see a kind of Stonehenge-Arcadia, constructed by Barbara Hepworth out of coloured cubes and inhabited by a couple of Bernard Shaw Ancients (tremendous bores) who run a small company of classical Greek dancers led by one Strephon (admirably danced by Pirmin Trecu); towards the end the mixture is further thickened by an Erda-like clairvoyante and a transformation into the realm of Hindu mythology. For much of the time the stage is filled by a large chorus, who seem to be friends of both couples, and convey the general notion of a works outing. What with their hideous clothes and their perpetual scurrying across the stage, this chorus is something of a trial to the eye; but they atone by the thrilling part they play in several of the most imposing musical episodes.

Unlike the libretto, the music is by no means obscure: it is for the most part strong and fresh, imaginative and brilliant, often sweet to the ear, yet never sickly with the stale flavours of late romanticism. There is a captivating ardour, reminiscent of *Boyhood's End* in Mark's florid aubade; an intoxicating gaiety in Jenifer's Bach-trumpet-like coloratura song about the dancing stars; an irresistible human tenderness in the later scenes between the mundane couple, Jack and Bella. A teeming profusion of notes is for once the sign, not of academicism, but of a blessed fertility; this is above all a generous and warmly human score. Only the cardboard figure of the industrialist, being conceived without love, has defeated the composer; Otakar Kraus is obliged to stand about like a plain-clothes Wotan, declaiming dry music very loudly and crossly. About the clairvoyante's long aria I am not quite sure; many people admired it, but it seemed to me rather too full of organist's devices, such as pedal points and sliding modulations. Elsewhere, when the composer's inspiration slackens, he tends to fall into the manner of Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*. But the level of inspiration in his long score is astonishingly high. Rhythmic vitality surges through the music, and we can almost feel the creative sap coursing through those characteristic clusters of notes in the high strings and woodwind. The second act, a poetic intermezzo suffused with the sense of natural beauty and deep human contentment, comes nearest to a full realisation of the creator's dream. The ritual dances will surely establish themselves in our concert repertoire, and I should like to think that, perhaps after some compression in Act 3, the sheer musical energy of the opera will

be found strong enough to carry its heavy load of symbolism. Christopher West discharged competently, if tamely, the unenviable task of translating Tippettian fantasy into theatrical fact; and John Cranko's choreography achieved wonders against heavy odds. On the musical side, the performance was a triumph for Covent Garden. Joan Sutherland sang Jenifer's lovely and testing music with amazing sureness, Richard Lewis again showed himself the most reliable of lyrical tenors, and Adele Leigh won all hearts by the prettiness and musical charm of her Bella. John Pritchard discharged with unruffled skill the formidable task of welding his variegated forces into a consistent musical ensemble.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MISSING EXAMPLE

ITALIAN post-war films have become famous. Their outstanding quality is what is generally called their humanity. Another way of putting it would be to say that they are full of a sense of Schweitzer's "reverence for life". This quality expresses itself in their social protest, but—and this is so important—the sympathy and the charity behind the protest are essentially Western European in character. This shows itself in the attitude of these films to such subjects as love, suffering, children, and the significance of the individual surrounded by life and death. These films could never have been made east of Warsaw or west of Bordeaux. They are not necessarily better than Japanese, Russian or South American films, but they are, to the very heart, ours as Western Europeans. The momentum of the revolution which is changing the world comes largely from Asia and Africa. European art which ignores this momentum is blind to present reality. On the other hand, European artists and thinkers who welcome this force only by copying parrot-like the idiom of the foreign cultures from which it comes, deny our traditions and so forfeit our natural sympathy.

The development of Italian art during the last ten years is unique because a large number of Italian film directors, writers, painters and critics have accepted the need for revolutionary change and at the same time have interpreted this need in truly European terms. They have made European jokes, used our sort of irony, understood the circumstances which arouse our feelings of tenderness, expressed the bias of our passions, advertised our dilemmas. The rest of Europe can now look to Italy to see the enacting of its own latent drama. Certainly there are many factors in the Italian situation (the overwhelming question of the Land for instance) which do not apply very directly to other countries. Nevertheless in general the Italians have grasped the problems which the rest of us either shelve (in England) or theorise about (in France). Disillusion has become less the fashion in Italy than anywhere else in Western Europe. The Nenni Socialists have long since acted upon arguments similar to those which Professor Cole has just courageously put forward; the Italian Communist Party has succeeded far more than any other in presenting itself as a patriotic party; we admire Italian films, not for their ingenuity or their symbolism, but because they tell, despite their foreign setting, *our* truth; even in comparatively superficial matters—food, dress and design—Italian vitality increasingly influences us.

This long preamble is necessary to explain why an exhibition of contemporary painting and sculpture could be such an important event, and why the present one at the New Burlington Galleries is such a failure. Three-quarters of the works on show consist of academic exercises in the new cosmopolitan style of abstraction and severe formalisation. Many are so-called "expressionist" abstractions—which is to say spontaneously chaotic rather than geometric. All of them could have been produced in Corsham, Wiltshire, Cairo or San Francisco. With the

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exception of some warm-blooded paintings by Carlo Levi (who is a fine writer but only a good amateur painter) there are no works which reflect the most significant quality of Italian art and thought which I have described. There are no paintings by Guttuso, Zigaina, Trecanni, Mirabella, Gasparini, Tettamanti. All these artists are social realists, but it is not a purely political point that I am making. (Several of the abstract painters represented were staunch anti-Fascists and worked with the Left after the war.) My argument is that the absence of artists like Guttuso, Zigaina and Trecanni prevents this exhibition doing what only an Italian exhibition could do: prevents it demonstrating the new potentiality of Western European art. The significance of the Italian realists is that they have accepted the Parisian discoveries of the last sixty years and have tried to apply them in the widest possible way. Generally speaking, these discoveries originally emphasised the formal elements of painting and the highly personal feelings of the artist. It is for this reason that most of the modern movements began so creatively and petered out so quickly.

The Italian realists are finding a way to fill these new forms with content and to express popular emotion with all the intensity of personal feeling. Guttuso, for example, owes much to Cubism and Kokoschka, yet he is a painter loved by people who have never heard of either. The work of the Italian realists proves in fact that it is neither necessary for a Western European artist to cut off his right hand and paint as though he were an old academician in Moscow, nor to cut his left to feel at home in the Museum of Modern Art, New York. They give themselves whole. The introduction to the present exhibition explains that this is a sequel to the earlier one which included the work of Chirico, Sironi and the older Italian artists. A third exhibition is now essential.

Alistair Grant, a talented and easily pleasing young painter, is having his first one-man show at the Zwemmer Gallery. He has been influenced by Bonnard, Carel Weight and perhaps Ben Shahn—I cite these influences to describe his work, not to belittle it as derivative. Most of his subjects include fleet, untidy young girls, who are the lyrical counterpart to Ronald Searle's. They leap-frog, skip, play hop-scotch and watch the trains go by. Grant is straightforwardly delighted by the swiftness of children, and is able to communicate this by his use of emphatic brief silhouettes against pearly backgrounds. Eventually he will exhaust this subject matter, and then he will probably have to establish the volume of his scenes more forcefully—at the moment the fact that his streets and parks look somewhat like stage sets fits in with the evocation of the children's own mysteries. His first-rate nude and his latest large painting of an escarpment suggest that he will be capable of this.

JOHN BERGER

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THE BALLET

Danses Concertantes at Sadler's Wells is by a young choreographer who really knows about music and applies it to his choreography. This is quite a surprise since musical training is an unusual piece of equipment in contemporary choreographers. In general they feel their way through the music, like blind creatures, with more or less skill according to their natural musical sense, but without the insight that comes of a technical training. Kenneth Macmillan has chosen a beautiful and complicated piece of Stravinsky for his abstract exercise in dancing, and he has followed the subtle patterns of sound with cunning understanding. He is not skilled or sure enough to be anything like a match for the music, which carries the ballet; yet he has designed some very strategic movement with such studious attention that it would be interesting to watch its development a second time. At first the decor appeared to be as elegantly fidgety as the music; but while the rhythm expanded harmoniously to the ear, the speckled costumes grew a little tiring to the eye. Nevertheless, the whole was theatrically effective, and Nicolas Georgiadis may be coupled with Kenneth Macmillan as a new artist who shows genuine feeling for the requirements of ballet. On this first night the Sadler's Wells Theatre company gave an excellent performance of Andrée Howard's *Selina*, a sugary satire on the melodramatic Victorian ballet. It exactly suits the talents of the little company, which is fresh and energetic, with human faults that at so youthful an age are still rather endearing.

There is a kind of acting seldom seen today where the performers walk slowly on to the stage, strike an attitude, hold it for some time, and then with sombre dignity make a gesture. It takes a long time to perform this way, and unless there is an impressive build-up and the gestures are superb the process soon grows tedious. Prokofiev's music for the Romeo and Juliet ballet is not attuned to this convention of behaviour, nor is the urgent quality of Shakespeare's play, which the scenario follows in anxious detail. But Margarita Froman has set the choreography of her *Romeo and Juliet* for the Zagreb National Ballet company in such a style. The result is that while Prokofiev's music is prancing along, the dancers are generally doomed to walking and gesticulating at the pace of elderly elephants. It must be a pace very hard to keep, for there is a variety of lively rhythms to the music. So ambitious a production, provincial though it seems in decor and choreography, is not to be despised coming from a town the size of Zagreb. Would that Manchester could produce as much.

The male dancers are good, while both sexes have the important quality of being attractive, which is so often overlooked by our more puritanical companies. A dancer, however blessed with virtuosity, gives pleasure first and foremost through his physical appeal. If this is lacking there is little real enjoyment—only a cold satisfaction—to be got from his technique.

The second ballet programme at the Stoll was enlivened by having half its time taken up with opera. *Pagliacci* was performed in a robust spirit that gave pleasure because the artists played their parts quite naturally, so that although the acting was not impressive, their lack of self-consciousness made for complete conviction. The singing likewise was unpolished, but never false, and Noni Zunec as Canio stood out as one who made the music emotionally moving.

The Gingerbread Heart is a folksy ballet about a pair of lovers estranged at a festival, but brought together by gingerbread. The choreography by Margarita Froman has many of the same faults as that of *Romeo and Juliet*. The curtain comes down a great deal too often, when there follows a long long interval of music, so extended that one begins to wonder why it should ever stop. To have someone merely moving about the stage after this seems the height of luxury. It is a curious fact about this choreography that though so slow and repetitive it is, nevertheless, always professional: there is none of that embarrassment which one associates with feeble amateur productions. The scenery, by Alexander Agustincic, is gay with bright green trees and bright red hearts. It has a child-like simplicity that suits the story and brightens the set during those periods when there is nothing else to enjoy but the music jogging along.

ANNABEL FARJEON

LOOK AND LISTEN

IT is surely a very commendable act of self-abnegation on the part of the Television Service to be showing us tele-recordings of Mr. Ed Murrow's *Person to Person* programmes, for they represent TV of a standard beyond anything the B.B.C. has yet accomplished. Are they "important"? No, and it doesn't matter: they are enchanting and they are superb journalism. In these programmes Mr. Murrow is not the great news-commentator; he is doing nothing so tremendous as exposing Senator McCarthy. He is merely—very much at his ease—showing one person to millions of other persons. Those shown are, needless to say, very much public personalities; a year or so ago the B.B.C. allowed us to see Mr. Murrow interviewing Mrs. Roosevelt; in the series just begun we have seen him, so far, talking to Miss Lily Pons and Miss Eva Gabor. All the same, the word "person" in the title of the programme is just: Mr. Murrow gets behind the public façade wonderfully. Two evenings before we saw him with Miss Gabor, Mr. Harding interviewed Miss Evelyn Laye on B.B.C. Television, and oh, the difference! Here was the public personality, the "beloved star," the fan stuff, and nothing more; if one's attitude to Miss Laye was anything less than adoring, it was as flat as a forgotten glass of soda-water.

In fact, this is to be scarcely fair to the B.B.C. and Mr. Harding. I suspect that *Person to Person* is a programme technically quite beyond the Television Service's resources. It is not a studio job at all. It is, simply, an interview by television. Mr. Murrow is in his office at C.B.S.; the person interviewed is in her own home, and the cameras follow her from room to room. What is so remarkable is the sense one has of the personal relation between interviewer and interviewed. It is all extraordinarily intimate, as though Mr. Murrow were himself the sole audience.

Not an "important" programme, I said. Yet how one hopes both B.B.C. and I.T.A. are studying these programmes. That they may be at present outside the possible range of both is a minor matter. What they show is something more vital than that. It is that in television everything depends upon the calibre of the men and women appearing before the cameras. There has been a striking instance of this in the fortnightly magazine programme *Panorama*, a programme which, over the past months, has improved almost out of recognition. The improvement is due to a number of reasons. It is much better edited than it was; it is immeasurably livelier as journalism. But one reason as important as any of the others is simply the appearance in it regularly of Mr. Muggeridge. It is not a question of agreeing

with what he says or even of liking him; it is the fact that here on the screen is a real person whom one can react towards or against. One is in the presence not of a "character"— "characters" could be the death of TV—but of character.

But I have found *Person to Person* interesting, too, for an entirely different reason. It is generally held that the essential guts of television, the quality that differentiates it from all other media of communication, is its actuality, its ability to show us what is happening at the moment it is happening. I must say that *Person to Person*, as we have seen it on recordings, seems to me not so much to disprove the view as to make it appear academic. *Person to Person* is journalism, accomplished, but of no great moment. It ought to depend on its immediacy and spontaneity. In other words, one would expect it to be dead when put on film and shown on a screen three thousand miles away days after the event. Instead, it is the liveliest television we have had for a long time. Why? I think the answer again is Mr. Murrow and the impression of a living relation with his sitters that he manages to convey. And I am forced to conclude that, great public spectacles like coronations apart, one only worries about actuality and immediacy when the content of what one is looking at is essentially trivial. The only point of interest in panel games like *What's My Line?* is their spontaneity, the knowledge that anything may happen. But this is surely interest of the crudest kind, analogous to hanging about at the street-corner in the hope that a pompous old gentleman may slip down on a banana-skin.

I imagine that no one in his senses would bother to put *What's My Line?* on film, but plainly film, whether made specifically for television or not, will increasingly dominate TV programmes, as recordings do sound broadcasting. I must say, when I contemplate recent programmes, I am undisturbed. I find in the week under review they have allowed me to see, besides Mr. Murrow's interview, *The Drawings of Leonardo da Vinci*, a film whose contents one could respond to only with awe; quite the best film on an artist's work I have seen on TV, with an admirable script by Mr. Michael Ayrton admirably spoken by Sir Laurence Olivier and Mr. Day Lewis and what seemed to me an admirable musical score by Mr. Rawsthorne. They have allowed me to see, in addition, the Australian film about Australian exploration in the Antarctic, *Blue Ice*, a truly imaginative way of celebrating Australia Day, though in this instance I could have dispensed with the musical accompaniment.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Little Fugitive," at the London Pavilion
"The Colditz Story," at the Gaumont
"The Baker of Valorgue," at Studio One

Children are born comedians, and it is only when they are forced into puppet roles that their appeal vanishes. Theirs is the seriousness and beauty of Keaton. See them riding their prams like howdahs; they walk, but it might be aldermen staggering out of a banquet; they become heroes, plotters, ancients; the world begins to clutch at them, and they dream of elfs and voodoo. They weave spells. Their jokes are barely comprehensible to us. This is the stuff of comedy.

The hero of *Little Fugitive* doesn't so much as smile till we have gone quite a way with him. True, life has been more than averagely real and earnest: he has tagged on to his much older brother and had various rebuffs, the last of which has resulted (as he is made to suppose) in his shooting that brother dead. So he's on the run, and off to Coney Island. His adventures there, for a day and a half, take up the greater part of a film keen-eyed, wayward and charming.

Sometimes he is very funny. His shirt hangs out, and his trousers—heavily weighted with a pistol—seem always on the point of slipping down. He sits on a joggle-horse drinking pop.

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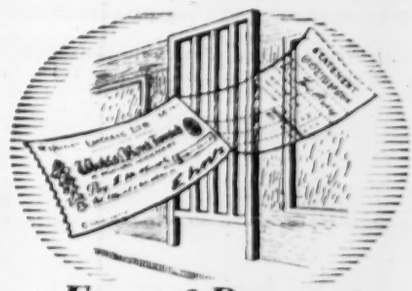
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He bites chunks out of a melon slice almost as big as himself: he's a great, if temperamental, eater. Corn on the cob finds him; he watches the birth of candy floss, but he devises a new use for it, squeezed up into a ball, for shie-ing. At a back-cloth photographer's—he it is who by a final contortion extorts the gap-toothed smile—our seven-year-old not only gets himself taken with Hackenschmidt's body, but enjoys a pantomime in which he all but squeezes himself into the box that sees upside-down.

The mass-observation of fair and seaside—by no means new to the screen—has been most cunningly angled to childish adventure, and if some of that adventure trails off into doodling, the light and the weather provide genuine thrills in the way of a thunderstorm, rain, dusk and deserted morning. Three writer-directors, Ray Ashley, Morris Engel and Ruth Orkin, must be thanked for our pleasure: and, of course, the seven-years Richie Andrusco, who most of the time must be doing what he has always dreamed of. What I have said about children being comedians doesn't imply that they, or he, pull strings only funny. Very far from it; and therein lies their superiority.

Colditz is that castle where the Nazis sent the incorrigible escapers of four nations. Their story has been kept, it seems, close to fact; so much so, that there's a certain monotony in this string of would-be escapes, with a final break-out. The trouble, as so often with British films that aim at being realistic, is that it's not quite realistic enough. Perhaps the commandant did really, yet again, sport an eyeglass and *politesse*; perhaps Mr. Eric Portman is the very type of cool reserve to ensure that Britain always shall lead; but at Colditz itself did the views from the valley or looking down from the ramparts have such a look of back-cloths? *The Colditz Story has* the sort of excitement a good story and good acting can give it; but it is "true" only because we're told so, and not because the nerves and the heart insist. Still, this in an honourable bid for keeping all ends up.

About Fernandel's choice of a story—for, after all, he must have a pretty free hand in the matter—affection for an old favourite must be tinged with the complaint that so often his films should be stale or second-rate. *The Baker of Valorgue* echoes every exportable bit of rusticity that has come to us in twenty years, and if the Baker whose passion spells no more loaves fits Fernandel, it fitted Raimu better.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT

SIR,—The view of "Mental Hospital Doctor" that the average doctor is no better informed in psychology, psychoanalysis and the social sciences than the educated layman, encourages me to join issue with him.

Though it is true that most of our mental hospitals were designed for mainly custodial purposes, your correspondent's statement that the old atmosphere and traditions still haunt them can only apply, if at all, to a small minority. The exterior, admittedly, is often grim, but in most hospitals the wards have been redesigned or upgraded since 1948, despite a shortage of money. The atmosphere is enormously improved. More important is the shift of emphasis over the last twenty years from custody to active treatment and occupational therapy.

It is equally misleading to state that the National Health Service does not cater for "sufferers with neuroses and like conditions." In addition to the many psychiatric out-patient clinics, there are the Cassel Hospital, the Rehabilitation Centre at Roffey Park and a number of neurosis centres attached to or associated with mental hospitals. Nor is psychotherapy, as your correspondent seems to suggest, the only effective kind of treatment for neurosis.

His real complaint, which leads him to so many false conclusions, is that there are not enough facilities for long-term psychotherapy to provide treatment for the large number of patients likely to benefit from it. This, at least, is true: and it is inevitable. The mathematics of the problem demonstrate its insolubility. A psychoanalytical course of treatment of two or three years' duration with, say, a couple of sessions per week, cannot become freely available within the Health Service unless we train some tens of thousands more analysts. Even if this were economically feasible it would be impossible to find anything like that number of suitable trainees. Let us face the fact that, apart from the service provided by a handful of clinics, full psychoanalytical treatment must by its very nature remain within access of only the wealthy few.

The main hope for the National Health Service patient lies in the discovery of a less extended method, a short-cut which could achieve the same result. Orthodox Freudians may be sceptical, but there are indications that such a solution is around the corner.

KENNETH ROBINSON

House of Commons, S.W.1.

THE UNHOLY MRS. KNIGHT

SIR,—While most Christians will probably agree with the main argument of your article: "The Unholy Mrs. Knight," your case is seriously weakened by statements of highly doubtful accuracy.

You state: "Many of the religious broadcasts are offensive to people brought up in the Christian faith." Is there any evidence at all for that statement? It is true that *some* religious broadcasts seem to *some* Christians to be mistaken both in emphasis and in fact; but we do not find things "offensive" just because we disagree with them. It is to be hoped that we have more charity than that.

In the next paragraph, an even wilder statement is made. It is said: "... she gave a direct, sensible, unemotional exposition of the familiar humanist case, which has been taken for granted for many years by the majority of educated people." Unless it is assumed that an educated person equals a rationalist, this statement must surely be considered untrue. The public opinion poll, conducted by Mass-Observation in 1947, in a London semi-suburban borough, showed that only one person in twenty positively denied the existence of God, and that only one person in four had active doubts. There was no difference between those with "elementary" and those with "secondary" education. Moreover, of the doubters, agnostics and atheists, over a quarter said that they prayed on occasions to the God whose existence they doubted. (*Puzzled People*, Gollancz, pp. 21, 22, 18.)

If the validity and accuracy, even approximate, of public opinion polls is to be allowed, then in all honesty, that statement about "the majority of educated people" ought to be withdrawn; for the facts, so far as they are known, show that the great majority of people recognise the existence of God, and furthermore, that they accept much that goes with that belief.

KENNETH BROWN

Rounds Green Vicarage,
Oldbury, Birmingham.

THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM

SIR,—What Professor Cole is saying, in essence, is that true Socialism and the Nation-State are incompatible. This is not new and the experience of the League of Nations and its successor should have told us that the abolition of the Nation-State and the Sovereignty of Nations will not come overnight. We must accept this as a state of affairs likely to remain until well into the 21st century unless a Third World War comes and disrupts the existing order of things to such an extent that some form of international government becomes feasible.

MRS. MARGARET KNIGHT

following her recent BBC broadcasts on MORALS WITHOUT RELIGION, received a letter asking whether there was an organisation which held her views.

"It would supply a great need," wrote Mrs. Knight's correspondent, "and be a far greater power for good than any religious revival." There is such an organisation, founded in 1899. Send for details of membership to the

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Professor Cole's answer to this is a doctrine of political suicide. He advocates the withdrawal of *active* political support from the moderate Social Democratic parties and the setting up of an international World Order of Socialists. What for? What would or could it achieve? It would certainly weaken all existing Social Democratic parties, intellectually and politically. Surely the Welfare State is preferable to Monopolistic Capitalism? If Socialists in Great Britain were to follow Professor Cole's advice, it would result in, at least, twenty years of Conservative rule in this country.

In addition to this, historical precedents exist which suggest that Professor Cole's "World Order of Socialists" would probably be ineffectual and die a quick death. In a world of Sovereign States an international political ideology with no centre of power is no match for a movement which has, at least, obtained power in one country. Trotsky, outside Russia, was helpless in his struggle with Stalin who held all the reins of power inside Russia.

Socialist intellectuals, like Professor Cole, should remain in the Labour Party and influence it from within and not condemn themselves to a political wilderness which would be of no benefit to the cause of Socialism.

36 Oldhill Street, L. L. GORDON
London, N.16.

SIR,—G. D. H. Cole suggests two possible ways of initiating a World Order of Socialists "individually pledged to put first their duty to Socialism as a world-wide cause, and offering to the working-class and Socialist movements of their own countries no more than a secondary loyalty." One way is to found a group within a single country and then appeal to Socialists in other countries; the other is to establish at the outset a small international group with an agreed policy in broad terms, which would then seek to promote national groups.

Both ways are already being tried. The Independent Labour Party has been pledged to international Socialism throughout its 62-year history. Realising, apparently more than 20 years before Cole did, that the Labour Party was imprisoning Socialism within national frontiers and that this was in fact tending to "stultify it even on the national plane," the I.L.P. disaffiliated from the Labour Party in 1932. It saw no alternative except that of (in Cole's words) "renouncing the quintessence of the Socialist faith." It is still not prepared today to make that renunciation and so decided by an overwhelming majority at its last Annual Conference, Easter, 1954.

I cannot speak with any authority for the Third Camp movement; but from the indications of its objectives contained in an article published recently in the I.L.P. weekly paper, the *Socialist Leader*, it would appear to be very much the second of Cole's alternative ways of getting started. The Third Camp starts from non-alignment in the Cold War but goes on to recognise that the causes of war are too deep for a superficial neutralism to touch them and aims at a fundamental reconstruction of society and human relationships. It claims to have received world-wide affiliations with astonishing swiftness. It considers "Socialism is not enough"; but obviously Cole and I would agree that Socialism as interpreted by the actions of the mass political parties taking its name is truly not enough.

WILFRED WIGHAM
General and Political Secretary
Independent Labour Party,
318 Regent's Park Road, N.3.

CANING IN SCHOOL

SIR,—I wonder if the remarks of "Critic" on the place of caning in education are altogether true. I wonder especially if he really appreciates what teaching is like in, for example, one of the poorer parts of London.

The main myth perhaps to which he succumbs is this one of personality in teaching. My wife, who has had wide experience of teaching in all types of school, is undoubtedly a good, popular and successful teacher with ample personality. Before we came to London and she took a post here, she used to

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

believe that, through personality, a teacher could overcome in time every problem in the handling of children. Our views on educational methods were profoundly shaken after a few months in London. We were so amazed that we sought out the views of as many other teachers as possible.

Briefly, the general opinion seemed to be that in any group of children from a poor, densely populated area there are almost always a few who are quite untouched most of the time by anything like personality, however patient the teacher may be in his quest for contact. Their lives have given them so much premature experience that they have been forced to develop skins of incredible toughness. In many cases they come from homes in which the parents are patently not qualified for their position. For someone to mean what he says, to be consistent, is something beyond their comprehension. Thus obedience, which is a necessary part of successful education, has no part in their make-up. In some schools there is simply no lever whatsoever available, in the last resort, to the teacher by which he or she may make a child do something it ought, but does not want, to do.

To anyone with the common sense for which "Critic" pleads, it is obvious that in such a setting something which will really impress itself as a punishment is essential. Unless this is present, the education of the majority of the children will be impeded by the aggressively disinterested few. And this applies whether a school is overcrowded or not.

J. M. JERRAM

MASS LOBBYING

SIR,—It is a disagreeable surprise to find oneself almost trampled down by police horses in democratic Britain, it is almost as disagreeable a surprise to find Mr. Fienburgh trampling on the Mass Lobby, in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, May 1, as one of a deputation from a local Peace Committee who was lucky enough to penetrate the police protection and be inside the House from 6 to 8 p.m., on January 25, suggest that his description of an "elbowing, shouting throng" and a "forest of gesticulating arms" was almost as exaggerated as the *Daily Sketch*'s "Crowds of Reds attack Police." My own impression was of a calm, extraordinarily patient crowd, some of whom had waited hours for their M.P. to show up. Was it fear of facing the music, we wondered, that prevented Members from appearing?

Mr. Fienburgh almost falls over backwards to suggest that the constituents were mostly anti-Communists with a good cause, being exploited, unbeknown to themselves till that day, by obnoxious Communists. This was certainly not true of our own delegation, which represented a committee of local liberal and Left opinion which includes Communists, Methodists and Anglo-Catholics, and which welcomed the idea of a national demonstration against German rearmament, as a change from our individual resolutions, letters and petitions to Members; whether or not we influenced our Member, were we *really* abusing any cherished right in joining in? We certainly shed some frustration when we saw the thousands in the demonstration; and everyone taking part in the lobby must have felt that with such a mass of opinion behind it an "effective platform" can and must be found for voicing opposition to Right-wing leadership, Conservative and Labour. If Mr. Fienburgh and others really are against rearming Germany, they will join the Labour Members of Parliament who are asking for a new debate on the Paris Agreements. They'll be carrying out the wishes of the vast majority of their constituents and of the rank-and-file of the Labour Party, as well as encouraging their opposite numbers struggling for peace in Germany—where, it seems, such demonstrations, though suppressed by the police, are welcomed by Socialist Members of Parliament.

281 Oxford Road, KATHLEEN AULT
Reading.

AUNT OR ARBITER

SIR,—Sir Herbert Read's hope of forming some idea of my ideal of life and art is not as vain as he thinks. I believe, in Tolstoi's words, that "The destiny of art in our time is to transmit, from the realm of reason to the realm of feeling, the truth that well-being for men consists in being united together." I believe that such comradeship is only fully possible in a classless society, and I believe that such a society will eventually be created by the working class led by the Communist parties of the world. There is nothing obscure in this belief—tens of millions of others hold it more simply and faithfully than I, according to their national traditions.

But at the same time I should like to ask Sir Herbert Read, not about his ideals, but about his sense of reality. Does he really believe that art is healthy today: that the hand-to-mouth existence of most of our artists is right: that only the rare genius matters? Does he wish for the artists of the future lives similar to those of Rembrandt, Goya and Cézanne whom he quotes? Above all, does he believe that the constantly manufactured dope of our "popular" commercial culture is the proper expression of human dignity? And if he does not, how does he explain his complacency? Art grows like grass, he says, "all we can do is to scatter a little lime" and this is "what the Arts Council is doing so intelligently." I address these questions not to the Knight, but to the anarchist author of such essays as *To Hell with Culture*—to the writer who originally encouraged thousands, including myself, to question our society's values.

Mr. Penrose's forbearing and tolerant letter emphasises the tragedy of the I.C.A. Its intentions are high; its constitution is democratic. Yet what it has come to stand for is surely a long way from what was originally intended. Without going into the question whether a highbrow club whose sole mission is to be highbrow must inevitably become unreal, there are two main causes, I think, of the I.C.A.'s failure. Although its exhibitions may sometimes include a few works by some of the painters I mentioned, its overwhelming bias has been towards the macabre or surrealist. Of all the modern movements surrealism is the most dead and its appeal the most limited. The second cause is the atmosphere which has enveloped the Institute. This is partly the result of the décor of the premises, the Institute's methods of presentation, the sort of conversations one overhears at the bar, and the character of certain members who are constantly and dominantly in evidence. To go to a discussion at the I.C.A.—even if Professor Kemenoff is lecturing—is like finding oneself somehow or other submerged in an aquarium of tropical fish.

Cliques are formed in two ways: either by intention or desertion. In the case of the I.C.A. the second has happened. Its precious and frantically abnormal atmosphere has frightened off all those who might have helped to make it serious, helpful and truly contemporary. Mr. Penrose invites wider co-operation. I suggest this might be more possible, and the Arts Council subsidy to the I.C.A. more justified, if:

(1) the bar was closed down and the club room made a gallery;

(2) free membership was granted to all art students;

(3) a new policy was declared, admitting past mistakes, and inaugurating three new activities:

(a) a series of Group exhibitions, entirely organised, selected and presented by the artists themselves, the groups to include the Abstractionists, the Young Realists, Bomberg's Expressionists, Social Realists, Religious artists and others more difficult to classify but made up of artists with certain interests in common.

(b) a series of small, quite humble exhibitions (perhaps largely graphic) of up-to-date foreign art from such countries as Japan, Indonesia, Israel, China, Germany, Poland, Belgium, etc.;

(c) a search for worthwhile unknown artists *over* 40—but not including *Primitives*.

JOHN BERGER

INSPIRATION FOR THE PAINTER

SIR,—Mr. Heron bemoans the fact that your correspondents should have placed differing interpretations upon his article. This may be due, as he implies, to their obtuseness. Another inference is, of course, possible.

I believe, however, that there is less difference between his viewpoint and mine than he seems to think. I am just as anxious as he is to see the painter imposing his own vision on his subject-matter: any picture that is worth anything at all is always a reinterpretation, not a reproduction. But I am also concerned that the artist's vision should be communicable, and in some of the art championed by Mr. Heron I fear that it is not.

The example of Mr. Hitchens is so apt in this context that I hope he will forgive being drawn in. For Ivon Hitchens, surely, is the "hit or miss" painter *par excellence*. There are passages in his work which are among the most magical in modern art—passages in which, as Mr. Heron puts it, "the paint is the pine branch, or the pool, or the shadows in the glade." Alas, there are others in which the paint obstinately remains—paint.

Mr. Heron believes (in italics! in abstracting from the visual scene. So do I, except that I would prefer the word "distilling." But if the distillation is effected in so arbitrary or summary a fashion that the visual scene becomes unrecognisable, the spectator stands to lose, let me repeat, a large part of his potential pleasure. ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

2 Neville Terrace,
London, S.W.7.

SOVCRICK

SIR,—Your correspondent is wrong about the result of the cricket match played by my team at Omsk next summer. We won.

Plotkin bowled so fast that I had not time to raise my bat from the crease. The ball went straight from its shoulder over the boundary, between the wicket-keeper and first slip. This threw everyone's calculations out and gave us an unexpected victory. It was my first scoring stroke since the *Daily Worker* lost to Transport House by four wickets in 1948. (The rules are being changed to ensure that I face only slow bowlers in future.)

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To seek, in however small a way, to disperse the threat of atomic war which hangs over all mankind is a first duty to any responsible organ of public opinion. For this threat is the most insidious of all. It weakens religious faith, it undermines moral values and strikes at the very roots of our Christian civilisation.

We believe that a newspaper should give the news as it happens, honestly and accurately. We consider that the worst crime in journalism is to decide on some line of "policy" and then to twist the presentation of events to justify that line.

But to be impartial is not to be indifferent or indecisive. We exercise our right, in comment, to take sides. Most of the time we shall do so in the spirit of the man who said that it is the duty of a great newspaper "to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable".

The "comfortable" and the "afflicted" are not always the same as they were fifty or even twenty years ago.

Among the comfortable today are some of the families living in subsidised council houses with two or three at work and £20 or £30 coming in each week.

Among the afflicted we must count many of the professional and "white-collared" workers, harassed by rising prices and higher taxation, and squeezed between the great pressure-groups of organised capital and organised labour.

They have few champions. Yet it is upon them—upon the teachers, scientists, parsons, doctors, writers, artists, and many others—that the prosperity, and prestige, of Britain ultimately depend.

We shall always be ready to plead their cause, and to fight against a tax system which allows a football pool investor or a stock exchange speculator to keep his winnings untouched, but confiscates the fruits of energy and enterprise and hard work.

We shall attack the monopolists who stifle competition and enrich themselves at the expense of the consumers.

We shall oppose the apostles of planning for planning's sake. Bad planning and clumsy controls only stifle initiative, restrict the rewards of industry and—in the end—impoverish everyone.

There is a fixed conviction in many a British mind that an intelligent and responsible newspaper must be dull and, conversely, that a lively appearance is a sign of irresponsibility.

It is not so. The world we are living in is so full of exciting events that any newspaper which presents a true picture of what is going on must bring some of that excitement into itself.

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Books in General

LAWRENCE IN THE DOCK

MR. RICHARD ALDINGTON has spent some years in a study of the life and reputation of T. E. Lawrence which has been published under the title *Lawrence of Arabia: a Biographical Enquiry**. It is more frankly labelled *Lawrence l'Imposteur*† in a French translation which contains textual differences. One crucial passage in the English version has been omitted in the French translation and the last two pages which would not go down well with the British public appear only in the French.

Aldington's conclusions may be summarised as follows: T. E. Lawrence was one of the sons of an Irish baronet who adopted the name of Lawrence in order to live with the woman he loved. This family secret, which made T. E. Lawrence "bitterly resent his social inferiority", determined the course of his life. Mr. Aldington tells us that Lawrence was cold-hearted, snobbish, indolent, given to boasting, hated most women and grew up to be a homosexual and a sadist stirred only by acts of cruelty. The late Dr. Hogarth, who is represented as "the feeble" keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, for some unexplained reason, chose Lawrence as his assistant at the Carchemish dig, though he had no training as an archæologist. According to Aldington, when the war came Lawrence was able to take advantage of having helped in a survey of Sinai to wangle himself a staff job and was sent to Egypt where he was indolent, insolent to his superiors and intrigued against our French Allies. Hogarth, who had got a job on the Arab Bureau, saved him from the results of his indiscretions. Nevertheless, Aldington tells us, Lawrence was sent against his will from his safe job in Cairo to the dangers of Arabia.

There, according to Aldington, he pursued a political policy, pushing Feisal as a British puppet in an intrigue against the French instead of working for military victory. Meeting an American reporter, Mr. Lowell Thomas, in Jerusalem he sent him to Akaba where he posed for photographs in Arab dress and filled him with fantastic lies about his own exploits. After the war Lowell Thomas's lectures on Lawrence proved enormously popular and, Mr. Aldington suggests, gave Lloyd George an opportunity to foist this subaltern figure upon the world in order to justify his own wildly extravagant, stupid, anti-French policy in the Middle East. According to Aldington, a conspiracy of those who knew the truth must have followed and Lawrence was thus able to impose himself upon his countrymen. A group of distinguished persons, dazzled by Lawrence's reputation, and ignorant or indifferent to the truth, have since formed a "Lawrence Bureau" to boost his reputation. Mr. Aldington no doubt regards me, as the editor of the "much censored and mutilated" *Letters of T. E. Lawrence*, as a humble member of it. Meanwhile, Aldington tells us, Lawrence, for psychological reasons connected with his birth, sought refuge in the R.A.F. Finally, Aldington tells us that his death was directly due to his toying with the idea of a Fascist dictatorship.

This revolutionary estimate will have an immense appeal to those who believe that great men are clay idols and that our "Fascist" rulers combine to carry out vast conspiracies to conceal their extravagances and failures.

Most Englishmen will be put off by the tone of the book. There is a sneer on almost every page, sometimes in every paragraph; and the abundant documentation cannot conceal the silliness and malevolence of this estimate of Lawrence. Those who wish to pursue the matter further and who read the new edition of *T. E. Lawrence by His Friends* or *The Home Letters of T. E. Lawrence and His Brothers* will find it impossible to reconcile the evidence presented.

Let us take the crucial case of the bicycle. Aldington says:

> Those who have come to realise Lawrence's irresistible propensity to dramatise his exploits and advertise himself will not be surprised to know that he circulated a very quotable little story about this bicycle which has been accepted by his friends. Vyvyan Richards says: "Lawrence had a light little racing bicycle which was built by Lord Nuffield when plain Mr. Morris at Oxford. The two of them put their heads together to perfect the design." Unfortunately for the truth of this story Lord Nuffield assured David Garnett that he gave up making bicycles before 1900. It can and will be said that hitherto these exaggerations and untruths I am pinning on Lawrence are trifles, and so they are, though truth itself is not a trifle. But it so happens they can be convincingly shown to be untrue. . . . And if he would deceive in trifles for the sake of a worthless astonishment and admiration, what guarantee is there that he did not do likewise in important matters?.

But the story of the bicycle (or bicycles, as the Lawrence family owned more than one) is not so simple. For on the 6th August, 1906, Lawrence wrote to his mother: "I am rather surprised about the Morris, it should not have broken like that." At that date Mr. Morris was unknown outside Oxford and the greatness of Lord Nuffield was unthought of. There was, therefore, no possibility of Lawrence dramatising himself to his mother by pretending to ride a Morris bicycle or to know Mr. Morris in 1906. Moreover, in spite of Lord Nuffield's disclaimer, Mrs. Lawrence and Lawrence's elder brother were positive the bicycle *was* a Morris when I discussed the matter with them in 1937. Whether they were right or wrong, Aldington's inference is false. A careful man would have known it was by the date of the letter from which he took my footnote. And so with other instances.

Then take the case of Lawrence's reiterated claims that he had been offered and refused the great office of High Commissioner of Egypt: "It was this," says Mr. Aldington, "which first aroused my suspicions of Lawrence's veracity." He consulted Mr. Amery, who said he thought it unlikely that Lawrence should have been asked to succeed Allenby in 1925. But the offer was made at the beginning of 1922. The second Lord Lloyd does not remember his father mentioning it. Sir Ronald Storrs was surprised at the very idea. Sir Winston Churchill is stated in the text to have growled that the statement that Lawrence was ever officially offered the post was "certainly unfounded." But in a footnote we are told "Sir Winston Churchill has since affirmed that though he never offered the post officially to Lawrence he may have talked over the possibility unofficially." (Mr. Aldington has omitted to have this correction inserted in the French translation.) There is no reason to think that the offer was ever made *formally*. Moreover, it is probable that it was Lloyd George who was behind it, for the post was in his gift. But I am convinced that such a suggestion was made for two reasons. First, Lawrence wrote to his mother on 15th February, 1922: "There was a question of me for Egypt if Allenby came away, but of course I wouldn't accept." Secondly, in 1934 he wrote to Lord Lloyd, who had succeeded Allenby in 1925, that "my statement, when they offered me the succession to Allenby was. . . ."

If Lord Lloyd had known nothing of such an offer, he would probably have inquired into it and discovered the truth. And if there were no foundation in the story, is it credible that Lawrence should have written about it to Lord Lloyd? I interviewed Lord Lloyd and went over the letter in question with him when I was editing the letters of T. E. Lawrence. If he had thought Lawrence's statement untrue, or ridiculous, I feel certain he would have said so to me. Actually a much more remarkable offer was made to Lawrence, the truth of which Aldington admits, though he only calls it "a position in the City of London, where he at one time had reserved for himself the position of night-watchman at the Bank of England." The offer was to be Secretary to the Bank of England.

Aldington's attempt to show that Lawrence played a subordinate part in the Arabian campaign is contradicted by the positive evidence of the officers who served with him and of his commanders and by the silence of those who would have protested had his claims been false. Aldington is concerned to show, from Arab sources, that Lawrence was not in command of the operations for which he has been given credit. If he had published excerpts from Lawrence's instructions to British officers with Arab irregulars his case would fall to the ground. Lawrence wrote (Arab Bulletin 20 August, 1917):

> Win and keep the confidence of your [Arab] leader. Strengthen his prestige at your expense before others when you can. Never refuse or quash schemes he may put forward. . . . Always approve them and, after praise, modify them insensibly, causing the suggestions to come from him until they are in accord with your own opinion . . . keep a tight grip of his ideas and push him forward as firmly as possible, but secretly, so that no one but himself (and he not too clearly) is aware of your pressure. . . . Your ideal position is when you are present and not noticed. . . . Never give orders to anyone at all.

It is obvious that the more successfully Lawrence followed his own precepts the less value there is in Arab evidence. I shall, however, leave it to

* *Lawrence of Arabia: a Biographical Enquiry*. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. *Collins*. 25s.

† *Lawrence l'Imposteur*. Translated by G. MARCHEGAY, J. RAMBAUD and J. ROSENTHAL. *Amiot-Dumont, Paris: Hachette*. 18s.

the soldiers to deal with this travesty of the Arabian campaign and turn to books.

Aldington writes: "If the reader wants to see how really low Lawrence could drop in his vindictive attack on women, he should borrow a copy of *The Mint*" (Lawrence's book about his experiences in the R.A.F.). Elsewhere he says: "It (*The Mint*) is almost insane in its attacks on the female sex." This is untrue. Mr. Aldington apparently believed that the book would never be published. He wrote: "Publication was promised for 1950, but in 1953 seems as remote as ever."

But, on February 14 *The Mint* will be published and the general reader will be able to judge for himself whether Aldington's words are in any way justified. Lawrence quotes a great deal of barrack room language and obscenities. But there is very little about women in the book except for a description of being received in audience by Queen Alexandra, written in horrified pity at the tragedy of old age. Horrified pity is indeed a theme which inspired many of Lawrence's finest passages in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. In *T. E. Lawrence by His Friends* ‡ Mrs. Kennington gives a description of how when she was very ill after a desperately bad miscarriage and did not want to go on living, Lawrence came and sat by her bed, fixed his eyes on her and began talking:

> . . . on and on he went, describing me to myself, clarifying all my nightmare fears by describing them and doing it all from the woman's point of view, not the man's . . . and as he talked warmth began flooding back into me instead of flooding out of me, for besides putting things as they were he brought a power to remake them . . . he saved my life.

After that the reader will not be surprised to find Aldington saying that Lawrence was "cold as a fish with hardly an expression of warmth even to his mother,"—to escape whom Aldington suggests Lawrence went to Carchemish—and to find Lawrence writing from there to his youngest brother:

> take great care of mother: I want her to get quite strong so as to be able to come out here for a trip with me in a couple of years.

Whenever I have first-hand evidence, Aldington's sneers are unjustified. Thus the suggestion that *Revolt In The Desert* was withdrawn because the library edition had stopped selling and he wanted to prevent Cape issuing a cheap edition is false. Mr. Wren Howard informs me: "We could have gone on selling the full price edition for years and no cheap edition was ever mentioned." Again, bringing off a right and left, Aldington writes:

> the experts have condemned Lawrence's translation (of the *Odyssey*) but *les classiques, c'est le pain des professeurs* and they will never do justice to the work of an outsider—even an Oxonian—because by their definition Homer is untranslatable. Lawrence's version, though perhaps a little near the crib, is readable.

In 1933 I was literary editor of the *New Statesman* and sent Lawrence's *Odyssey* to Sir John Sheppard. He refused to review it, but suggested Maurice Bowra as a brilliant Greek scholar of the younger generation. Sir Maurice wrote:

> this is by far the best translation of Homer into English. It conveys more of his qualities and is infinitely more readable than Pope or Mackail or Butcher and Lang. It is not a crib and the plodding student may at times be led astray by it, but it stands on its own as literature and can be read for its own sake. It is exciting, humorous and technical as the *Odyssey* is . . . its complete lack of trite phrases and exhausted words gives it the youth and gaiety of the Greek.

Sir Maurice Bowra also picked out Lawrence's preface for praise and quoted his reference to Homer's "infuriating condescension towards inglorious woman." Some months later Sir John Sheppard told me he had just read Lawrence's translation and was astonished to find that he agreed with Bowra's estimate and regretted that he had refused to review it.

Mr. Aldington has a literal mind and no sense of humour. For example, when Gertrude Bell wittily said that the nomad Arabs "lived by stealing each other's washing," Aldington comments: "which is misleading as they washed their clothes but once a year." Again, when Lawrence in a gay schoolboyish letter of his adventures wrote: "I puffed a zinc tank full of air" Mr. Aldington interjects a puzzled: "How is this done?" He is therefore the last person to understand Lawrence, who had an impish sense of humour which frequently broke out at inappropriate moments and who often indulged it by telling tall stories. Many of these grew taller when they were repeated by his friends. Lawrence's vanity was morbid. He sometimes told a lie to amuse himself and then had to tell another to evade the consequences of the first. Aldington has made the most of them, but his picture of Lawrence as an inveterate liar is as silly as his describing a man who frequently drove himself to the limits of physical endurance and got through twice as much work as most men, as indolent.

Mr. Aldington's dislike of Englishmen and his intense suspicion of persons in high places lead him to postulate a plot to foist Lawrence upon the world as a great man and a "Lawrence Bureau" to keep up his reputation by distorting and suppressing the truth. Thus he writes: "I will not pause to inquire why Lord Allenby publicly praised so lavishly a man he thought privately had a strong strain of the charlatan." But it was the business of a biographer to find out why Allenby put his faith in Lawrence during the war and praised him lavishly afterwards. What is the value of a book which neglects the evidence of the men who knew Lawrence and worked with him, *whenever it is favourable*, and of all Lawrence's friends?

Why then has this book been written? Those who accept an economic interpretation of human behaviour may seek it in the monetary reward which comes of sensational debunking. Those who favour a psychological explanation will find it in a poem of Aldington's published 40 years ago.

> I've seen people put
> A chrysalis in a match box
> "To see," they told me, "what sort of moth would come."
> That's how I was.
> Somebody found my chrysalis
> And shut it in a match-box.
> My shrivelled wings were beaten,
> Shed their colours in dusty scales.

‡ *T. E. Lawrence by His Friends*. Edited by A. W. LAWRENCE. *Cape*. 16s.

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T. E. Lawrence

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JONATHAN CAPE

Before the box was opened
For the moth to fly.
But then it was too late.

. . . . . .

I don't believe in God,
I do believe in avenging gods
Who plague us for sins we never sinned
But who avenge us.
That's why I'll never have a child.

T. E. Lawrence was shut in a match-box too. But he escaped and his wings grew and he succeeded in all he did, though he also resolved never to have a child. This may explain the hate in this book and the desire to portray Lawrence's life as a "bitter futile tragedy." Who will be the next victim of this wingless creature?

DAVID GARNETT

BROKEN FINGERNAILS

A shabby old man is mixing water with clay.
If that shabby old man had given up hope
(He is probably tired: he has worked all day)
The flimsy house would never have been built.

If the flimsy house had never been built,
Six people would shiver in the autumn breath.
If thousands of shabby old men were sorry as you,
Millions of people would cough themselves to death.

(In the town the pinball parlours sing like cicadas)
Do not take refuge in some far-off foreign allusion
(In the country the cicadas ring like pinball parlours)
Simply remark the clay, the water, the straw, and a useful person.

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Party Leadership

British Political Parties. By R. T. MCKENZIE. *Heinemann.* 30*s.*

How do men emerge as leaders of the Conservative and Labour Parties, and how, when they have achieved the leadership, do they retain it? These are the two questions Mr. McKenzie tries to answer in his important new study of the party machine. In view of the vast and ever-increasing power of the British Prime Minister and of the Leader of the Opposition, this is a sensible approach. Moreover, since the electorate regard politics as a match between two teams, selected by the rival captains, Mr. McKenzie has chosen a topic which will appeal to the fans as well as to the players. Although the period is too short to deduce any general principles of democratic gamesmanship, he has written a full account of the handful of men who have dominated the game in the fifty years since the modern rules were evolved. His conclusion is that since Parliamentary democracy has changed the players much more than they have changed its rules, the two main parties have grown steadily more like each other. Although the Conservative Party's constitution still theoretically lays it down that policy should be made personally by the leader and that all positions of power should be held by his appointees, policy making is in fact the result of consultations in the Conservative cabinet or shadow cabinet, which in turn is responsive to the Parliamentary rank-and-file, sitting as the 1922 Committee. In the last resort that rank-and-file can get rid of a leader and has done so on three occasions in the last fifty years. On the other hand, the Conservative Party outside Parliament, according to Mr. McKenzie, has no effective political power. After a fascinating examination of the Maxwell Fyfe Report, he shows that most of its vaunted post-war reforms are window dressing: its function is still limited to applauding the Parliamentary leadership and selling its policies to the electorate. In brief, the Conservative Party has become a well-knit Parliamentary oligarchy.

Mr. McKenzie believes that Labour is going the same way. It entered Parliament at the turn of the century with the avowed intention of breaking the Parliamentary oligarchy and substituting government of and by the people. The instrument of this democratic revolution was to be a new kind of party which would formulate its policy at an annual delegate conference and send its members to Parliament to carry that policy out. This programme of action was first halted by Ramsay MacDonald, who in 1924 refused to see the membership of his Cabinet dictated either by the Parliamentary party or by the National Executive. After MacDonald's defection in 1931, the demand that Labour Prime Ministers should be subjected to some kind of control by the Party was once again made, and at this time strongly supported by Mr. Attlee himself. In his book *The Labour Party in Perspective*, published in 1937, he exposed the sham of the Conservative Party conference, and then described his own Party's conference in the following words: "It lays down the policy of the Party, and issues instructions which must be carried out by the Executive, the affiliated organisations and its representatives in Parliament and on local authorities . . . the Labour Party Conference is in fact a parliament of the movement." When the book was re-issued in 1949, this passage was left unrevised.

It is Mr. McKenzie's main contention that during his long tenure of leadership Mr. Attlee has been deliberately false to these principles.

> By his performance, both as Prime Minister and as ex-Prime Minister, Attlee has done more than any other individual to help the Labour Party to adjust itself to the realities of political power as it operates at the highest level in the British system of cabinet government. Under his leadership, the Labour Party, almost without realising it, has come to accept a principle of party leadership not different in its essentials from that which operates in the Conservative Party.

Though this tribute may endear Mr. Attlee to his political opponents, I do not believe that it corresponds either with his own views on leadership or with the facts. Mr. McKenzie had the misfortune to carry out his main investigations into the Labour Party during the period when Labour was in office. For the decade of the war-time coalition and the post-war Labour Government his description is not far from the facts. In this period the relationship of the Socialist Parliamentary leaders to their followers inside and outside Parliament was as oligarchic as that of a Tory Government. Policy was made in the Cabinet, without much consultation with the Parliamentary Party, and the annual conference provided little but an applauding chorus. What Mr. McKenzie fails to see is that this war and post-war decade was quite exceptional. During the war, party politics inevitably were in abeyance, and in 1945 the Labour Government, armed with enormous war-time powers, set about the execution of an agreed Socialist programme. Moreover that Government contained within it two men, Ernest Bevin and Stafford Cripps, who by their great personal authority could temporarily reconcile the trade unions on the one side and the constituency parties on the other to a period of Parliamentary dictatorship. That is why both the demand for external control of the Parliamentary leadership and the conflict between Left and Right seemed to have disappeared, and has led Mr. McKenzie to portray Mr. Attlee as a magician who exorcised the evil spirits and made Labour as respectably oligarchic as the Tories.

Since 1951, however, there is plenty of evidence to suggest that nothing of the sort has occurred. In his scrappy references to the "Bevanite controversy" Mr. McKenzie seems uneasily aware that the conflict between "Labourism" and Socialism, which characterised the whole history of the Labour Party from its foundation until 1940, has now been resumed. If this is so, then the theory, on which his book is based, falls to the ground. What makes the Labour Party utterly different from the Conservatives is precisely this struggle for power in which the Parliamentary Party is not high above the contending factions, but one of the battlefields, along with the National Executive and the Party Conference. Even in the case of the Conservative Party he is somewhat naive when he suggests that its Parliamentary oligarchy is not subject to outside pressure. If he had given more than two and a half pages to the study of party finance, his picture might have been rather different. As for the Labour Party, he completely fails to see that what makes it a democratic party is the fact that it incorporates within its constitutional structure both the "Labourite" leaders of the big Unions and the Socialist constituency parties. Thus, whereas the financial pressures and conflicts of economic interests out of which Conservative policy emerges are kept in complete obscurity (apart from an occasional explosion by the National Farmers' Union), the analogous conflict in the Labour Party takes place in a constitutional framework and under a glare of publicity which completely transform their character.

This difference is reflected in the behaviour of the two party leaderships. It is a complete misreading of Mr. Attlee's character and role to assert that he has persuaded the Labour Party "to accept a principle of party leadership not different in its essentials from that which operates in the Conservative Party." If he had really tried to do this, he would either have split the party or lost his job. What he has understood is that any democratic Labour Party must be a coalition which includes (1) trade unions, some of them Labourite and some Socialist; (2) a parliamentary party with its own peculiar brand of isolationism, and (3) constituency parties composed for the most part of Socialist militants, impatient both of trade union and parliamentary leadership. Each of these elements in the Labour coalition is an independent source of power, and unity can only be maintained by keeping these powers divided and balanced against one another. A Conservative Prime Minister, if he chooses, can be an autocrat, selecting his own Cabinet, and imposing his

own policies, though even he must be careful not to offend too deeply the outside interests on which he relies. A Labour Party leader must play a very different role. His chief qualification will be his ability to judge where the centre is at any moment and to move to that position despite complaints of cowardice and betrayal from both Right and Left. MacDonald split the Labour Party because he tried to exercise a "leadership not different in its essentials from that which operates in the Conservative Party." George Lansbury failed to hold his position because his conscience forbade him to adopt the centre position on the issue of sanctions. Attlee has weathered countless crises because he has always realised the Labour Party leader cannot be loyal to any element in the coalition without becoming its prisoner. He must hold himself in reserve as the factor which must be thrown now on one side now on the other to redress the balance between National Executive and Parliamentary Party, between the union leaders and constituency parties, and even on occasion, between an outraged Conference and his colleagues on the platform.

Mr. McKenzie has written a book which will remain a source for all students of politics for a very long time to come. What is lacking in his study is made clear in one tell-tale sentence. "The problem of coherence," he writes in his chapter on the Parliamentary Labour Party, "is of less concern to this study since it involves ideological issues which are outside the scope of an examination of party structure." Because it is a party of interests rather than of principle, one may be able to understand the Conservative Party without discussing ideological issues. But the Labour party is not only the party of organised Labour but a Socialist party as well. That is why the problem of coherence between Left and Right is its central problem. The leader who neglects it does not last long, and the investigator who regards it as outside his scope is bound to reach some very odd conclusions.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Little Boy Lost

Portrait of Barrie. By CYNTHIA ASQUITH. *James Barrie.* 15*s.*

How disconcerting this portrait of Barrie might have been if it had been exhibited while he was still alive and exerting his spell! There is such a world of difference between the public figure which it had been his life's work to charm his public into accepting and the sad empty reality. Would they—the thousands who had been delighted to let him tickle out of them their luxuriant tears and indulgent smiles—would they have believed their eyes if they had seen the creator of their iridescent fancies sitting hunched for days on end, wrapped hour after hour in inspissated gloom? They had given him, they might have thought, everything he wanted—or at least everything he had asked for. The poor Scots boy from the weaver's cottage had set out with the most deliberate intention of finding fame and fortune. And (no wonder Barrie believed in fairies) he had achieved it beyond his wildest dreams. It sat on him with solid evidence. His fortune was so immensely beyond his needs that Lady Cynthia Asquith, when she became his secretary, turned out seventeen hundred pounds' worth of uncashed cheques from one of his drawers; the fame was proclaimed in the titles—Sir James Barrie, Bart., O.M.

Nor was this what so often turns literary success sour in the mouth, an unappreciated success. He was no Sir Anthony Hope-Hawkins, popular yarn-spinner and romancer. In a serious study of his work published in his life-time, a reputable literary critic could write:

> If Shakespeare had been a twentieth-century dramatist he might have written a play of the type of *The Admirable Crichton*. It is written in the Shakespearean mood, the mood that was Hardy's when he wrote *The Mayor of Casterbridge*.

Barrie could not complain that he was not taken seriously enough.

But perhaps there is nothing more devastating than to set out to get what we want, and then, having got it, to find it was not what we wanted after all. What Barrie did want remains a fascinating puzzle. He would surely reward the sort of psycho-analytic study that was lately devoted to Lewis Carroll. Lady Cynthia, who began working for him after the Great War, when he was fifty-seven, goes in more for description (and very vivid description too) than for analysis, but when she does try her hand at it, she is surely shrewder than she quite realises. She strongly counters the idea that he was himself the Boy Who Could NOT Grow Up. "Never for one moment!" she insists. On the contrary, she deduces from a photograph of Barrie at the age of six:

> The precocious concern on that shockingly thoughtful countenance made it pitiably plain that the little boy, at whom life had too early bared its teeth, had never enjoyed his share of that irresponsibility, which, for a few years at least, should be every child's birthright.

Lady Cynthia has put her finger on it. But in describing the effect on him of that precipitation, she fails to observe the obverse side of the medal. His was a case of "precipitated development" and, of course, this is the most common cause of "arrested development" too. They are complementary. Part of the personality is forced into a rapid and precocious growth, while another part is left disastrously and achingly behind—perhaps for ever. Splits of this kind are the hardest to heal. Lady Cynthia recalls, too, that Barrie's elder brother, his mother's favourite, was killed in a skating accident when Barrie was six, and that at that age he took on himself the hopeless task of trying to console and distract a mother "who never for one moment allowed him to forget her grief for her adored elder son." Was this the failure? Did he never succeed? Did he never, for all his achievements feel that he had completely supplanted his first rival?

It is surely somewhere round here that the

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analysis would start; for what fairer analogy is there for Barrie's writing than to see it as an attempt to charm his way into the mother's heart? And in early days a favourite literary form of the period—"the paper"—was ready to his hand. He could turn out "a paper" on any subject under the sun for the simple reason that his subject was always himself and the cistern of his charm was a Widow's Cruse; all he had to learn was how to turn on the tap. It worked miraculously.

It would be consistent with this pattern—the pursuit of an impossible—that England, and London especially, was the object of his conquest. His countrymen complained that he shamelessly exploited and distorted his Scottishry for the delights of the fleshpots:

> If only Barrie had remained a Scottish dramatist, what a masterpiece he might have quarried from his native granite . . . the real and great Barrie on whom the English and the fairies have made such fatal incursions . . . . Barrie is that oddity, a Scot beaten by the English, who have destroyed his claim to be the great dramatist of his country.

At the time the English were pleased to be amused by such sour-grape accusations, but perhaps it is the Scots who will have the last laugh. But in any case the behaviour was compulsive rather than willed, as we see from the fact that the conquest was both complete and unsatisfying. Even Eton—or perhaps especially Eton—flung down its walls in surrender. Barrie's passion for Eton, at which his five adopted sons were educated, is the only thing that ruffles Lady Cynthia's patient understanding. But then for her Eton was an accepted fact, just as was Stanway, her father's country house which Barrie took for a series of summers in succession and where he combined in his house-parties the Australian cricket team, literary big-wigs and young Etonians. For Barrie such things were laurel leaves to plait into his crown of achievement, that crown which for all its splendiferous outward appearance was studded inside with thorns.

His inability to get a play going during these years (*Mary Rose* and *The Boy David* were all he wrote after the Great War) was the outward and visible sign of his "state." And public speaking became, after the success of his Rectorial address on "Courage," a painful substitute. It is all in the pattern. He was immensely successful on the platform; the charm worked every time; but since this medium was many times more direct and the effect consequently many times more immediate than in any other, his despair and self-disgust after each performance were multiplied accordingly. Why, Lady Cynthia asks, did he, knowing this and hating publicity as he did, accept invitations time after time? She never asked him, unfortunately. His answer might have been illuminating, though naturally it would not have been truthful. The very condition of a compulsion is that the sufferer cannot explain. He can only go on suffering.

The interest in Barrie just now must be largely in the oddity of his personality, for his plays are still (at least in my judgment) quite impossible. Time may cure this, for they have very remarkable things about them. His stage sense was astonishingly sure; his technique exceptional (except that his scene-changes required a revolve before that device was invented); his ability to cast a spell, to persuade us to suspend our disbelief, was assured. But the dialogue! Not even *The Admirable Crichton*, I think, could be revived without the most drastic cutting and re-writing. But by those to whom the personality is still of interest, Lady Cynthia's portrait will be much enjoyed. She was as close to him as anyone in the last years, while a family of her own ensured her the necessary detachment. She has an eye for detail, and the ability to re-create a living scene. Beside the main portrait itself there are also some very lively sketches of period figures, Galsworthy, Chesterton and Thomas Hardy in particular.

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COLLINS

Family Portrait

The Bach Family: Seven Generations of Creative Genius By KARL GEIRINGER. *Allen & Unwin.* 45*s.*

BACH. The name of a family domiciled, certainly from the early sixteenth century, in the Thuringian duchies of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, Saxe-Gotha-Coburg and Saxe-Meiningen, and the principality of Schwarzburg-Arnstadt, whose hereditary profession was music, and whose talents culminated in the genius of Johann Sebastian.

Thus Charles Sanford Terry, in the article he wrote for Grove's Dictionary in 1927 (reprinted practically unaltered in the recent 5th edition). Dr. Geiringer, who now lives in the United States, has set himself the enormous task of chronicling the lives and works of all the creative artists in this extraordinary clan. First comes a section which carries the story up to 1700. In solemn procession they file past, these early Bachs—amateur fiddlers, waits (the only correct English translation of the German *Stadtpfeifer*), organists, cantors and capellmeisters. Although Terry's article summarised all the available information on these worthies much new material has since come to light, particularly as a result of archival research undertaken in connection with the bicentenary of Johann Sebastian's death. Geiringer has taken full advantage of this work, and the first section of his book is certainly the most up-to-date account in English of Bach's forerunners within his own family.

The central and longest section of the book is devoted to Johann Sebastian and his contemporaries during the first fifty years of the eighteenth century, the age which saw the culmination of the Bachs' traditions of music-making—and of their Lutheran heritage too, though we hear less about this. And to complete the triptych comes a group of chapters which starts spendidly with Sebastian's sons and finishes rather drearily with his grandson Wilhelm Friedrich Ernst, taking in a couple of painters from the Meiningen branch of the family on the way. A dying fall? Yes. But even the best processions rarely end with a bang.

There can be nothing so irritating to an author as to be told what his book should have been about, but in this case a great, a dazzlingly difficult opportunity seems to have been fumbled. In his excellent studies of Haydn and of Brahms, Dr. Geiringer had the comparatively easy task of commenting on the life and works of single composers, on both of whom he was an expert. But the life-and-works method is less appropriate in the present book, where historical continuity is continually being interrupted by patches of not very illuminating musical analysis. It is true that the author has made an attempt to give his series of portraits unity. He adds a few pages of concise historical background; but these are so brief as to be superficial. A family with such a strong and self-conscious tradition as the Bachs possessed has a life of its own. Its gradual social advancement from Veit, the musical miller, to Carl Philipp Emanuel, who could regale Dr. Burney with an "elegantly served dinner" at his pleasant Hamburg home, becomes clear enough as we read the book, but the author relates it hardly at all to the more general changes in the social status of musicians. Nor is the Bachs' tradition related to the style of their more cosmopolitan and sophisticated contemporaries. Handel and Telemann receive a certain amount of attention, to be sure, but hardly any reference is made to the great French composers from Lully onwards, or, later, to such men as Hasse and Jomelli. Can we really appreciate the Bachs' homespun Thuringian virtues without putting them beside the gilded (sometimes even golden) elegance which is just as typical of their times?

The background of Geiringer's family portrait, then, is not painted with the same solidity as his foreground figures; but they at least are all present, more vividly and accessibly than ever before.

JEREMY NOBLE

Anxiety

John Bunyan. By ROGER SHARROCK. *Hutchinson.* 8*s. 6d.*

Many years ago, in this journal, the late Sir Desmond MacCarthy wrote an imaginary or dream conversation with Bunyan, during which, in the character of Turnback, he tells the preacher he has left the City of Destruction for the house of a stout and cheerful fellow called Common Sense, who has two daughters, Good-Nature and Euphrosyne. The road of the pilgrim's journey has been Experience; he does not despise some of the trifles of Vanity Fair; and Common Sense—who had quickly relieved him of his Burden—dwells genially in the City of Good Confidence. Most worldly readers of *The Pilgrim's Progress* have felt a similar resistance to Bunyan's theology; the interesting thing is that this is not an obstacle to the enjoyment of the native virtues of the book; indeed, in the present mood of religious philandering and psychological knowledge, the theology itself regains some of its lost life.

Mr. Roger Sharrock's short but excellent introduction to Bunyan's life and work, touches briefly on these points. *The Pilgrim's Progress* lasts because it is a natural and expressive account of the extraordinary and intense spiritual experience of an ordinary man told in his own tongue; and *Grace Abounding* is our great Puritan autobiography. (It is more revealing than Fox's *Journal*.) Whatever the vices of the Puritan mind, it is self-observing and it is dramatic. Disagreeable from the outside, it seethes imaginatively within and, though it has been transformed in the course of time, the Puritan habit of thought is a permanent strain in our culture. There is a close con-

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nection between Puritan preoccupations and those of modern psychiatry:

> The extreme self-consciousness of [Bunyan's] method is modern and post-Cartesian; as for the subject-matter [of Bunyan's autobiography] though Bunyan gives special theological names to his terrors and sees them as the work of a personal devil, they share with modern neuroses the general character of anxiety. Nagging anxiety and the uneasy conscience recommend Bunyan for consideration as a cousin of modern man. His religious development can easily be studied as a psychiatric case-history showing a progress from severe maladjustment (a compound of hallucinations and paranoiac symptoms) to a successful integration of personality.

But to interpret Bunyan pathologically is, as Mr. Sharrock says, too limiting. It is to ignore Bunyan's exceptional religious sensibility. The fundamental link between Bunyan's thought and our own (he thinks) is the universal preoccupation with good and evil. I am not sure that this satisfactorily describes the role of Bunyan's religion for the modern reader, whether he has religious faith or not. The moving and dramatic quality of the autobiography and of *The Pilgrim's Progress* lies in their minute record of the vicissitudes of imaginative vision, of the continuous bid of the soul to free itself, and of the process of change from stale or habitual feeling to feeling that is "elect" or newly inspired. The crisis of the mystic is a crisis of love. Christian's heart is moved to change; he fears; he feels. The wonderful collection of moral types—Pliable, Worldly Wiseman and Talkative, who is the most brilliantly observed of all—who endanger Christian's soul, have one common trait: they do not feel. They are thinkers, arguers and critics. The last thing that can be said of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is that it is a moral walking-tour, though this phrase has been used to describe the second part where Christian's wife sets out with the children. This milder and mellower sequel shows us Bunyan, the mystic, opening the domestic, tenderly comic and introspective tradition of the English novel.

A substantial part of Mr. Sharrock's book is given to a discussion of the early history of English Puritanism and of Bunyan's peculiar and even conservative position in it. It is strange that our supreme literary expressions in a revolutionary age in English politics should have been religious: the preaching rather than the politics of the officers of the New Model brought Bunyan's powers to a head and gave them direction. The City of God was to be preferred to the just state on earth. We know enough about Bunyan's early life to be able to say that shock had driven his mind in upon itself very young and that his grievance against life was private. His conversion played an enormous part in making him whole; it is only a man of intense and extraordinary self-containment who could be willing to spend 12 years in prison rather than compromise as he could easily have done. *The Pilgrim's Progress* grew out of the complete mastery of a psychological disaster.

Mr. Sharrock's exposition of Bunyan's work especially stresses the historical background which was neglected by critics of the 19th century who discerned the universal myth-making impulse in his work. That remains its most important aspect. But the historical approach shows Bunyan's debt to traditional Puritan material and also brings out his working realism. The pilgrim's road is of the 17th century, the characters are contemporary church members and their rivals in other sects; the hazards Christian encounters are precisely those of the 17th-century traveller and the rebel. The books arise out of the social ferment and yet, when they are compared with other didactic writings of the time—from which Mr. Sharrock gives curious examples—their superiority lies in the mysterious private quality upon which genius draws.

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Soviet Russia: an Introduction. By JACOB MILLER. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

In the Workshop of the Revolution. By I. N. STEINBERG. *Gollancz.* 16s.

Simplification is all very well. But there comes a time when what purports to be told to the children should in fact be told to the marines. Mr. Miller is Lecturer in Soviet Social and Economic Institutions at Glasgow. His introduction to Soviet Russia appears in the Hutchinson University Library, claiming to be of intellectual standard, section "Politics." Here are the only sentences in the book devoted to the government of Soviet Russia:

> The Russian people for the most part are not politicians, but use the politicians that lie to hand for doing the jobs that need to be done, just as we do. When the jobs mean that one man or a few have to be given a lot of power, the Russians naturally give them the power, and take it back again when the job is done.

The rest of the book can be deduced from this. Collectivisation was necessary to raise the productivity of the land—bad luck therefore for the few millions who died. The hardships of the prison camps are no worse than our early industrial revolution—things will get better in Russia because they did here. The purges of 1936-38 "ended in the eyes of the commoners the last survivals of gentry-mindedness in the superior avocations." The constitution of 1936 receives high praise.

> Among written constitutions the worst are those which are true at the time they are adopted. . . . The Russian constitution-makers seem to have been the first people to observe that among written constitutions the best is that which is not yet true at the time it is adopted.

Very good also is the argument that, since the Russian peasants were constantly in revolt, the Bolsheviks, recognising the seizure of land by the peasants, became "the first law-abiding government for three centuries."

Yet the book has a curious interest despite its perverse way of writing and its topsy-turvy moral values. Mr. Miller lived in Russia shortly before the war, and his book represents the outlook of the managers who were then coming to the top. These working-class upstarts had no political principles or beliefs; they wanted power over others, and in return accepted authority over themselves. The old revolutionaries were upper-class idealists. They were now swept aside. Unrestricted tyranny followed, based on the unquestioning approval of workers who had reached the political level. It would not matter if Mr. Miller alone believed the arguments in his book. But the present rulers of Russia believe them also; and since the educated classes have now disappeared there is no reason why the Russian outlook should ever change. Mr. Miller asserts, on rather thin evidence, that the period of Middle Soviet Socialism began last year—meaning by this an easier life for everybody. But his assertions are based, like most pro-Russian writing, on what is going to happen this year, next year, sometime—? The only year certain to happen in Russia, as everywhere else, is 1984.

Mr. Steinberg's book is in comparison a sad little trifle, though with more reality in it. He was one of the Left Social Revolutionaries who joined Lenin's first government in November 1917 and broke with the Bolsheviks over the question of peace with Germany a few months later. Mr. Steinberg is an unrepentant idealist, still hankering after a revolution of absolute justice, still confident that high principles could have beaten the Germans if really high enough. What has remained in his mind after all these years is not the upheaval of the masses, but the acts of individual injustice and cruelty—quite right, too. There is not much in his book as a contribution to history. But those who regard Lenin as a high-minded revolutionary whose legacy was perverted by Stalin should meditate the account in this book of the way in which Lenin swept aside legal and moral scruples. Lenin prided himself on being a realist; and like most realists he regarded the term as synonymous with wickedness. Bloodshed is realistic; forgiveness is not. No wonder that Mr. Steinberg was soon out of a job, and has been unemployed ever since. He was lucky to get away in time. Mr. Miller's friends would have made short work of him.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Far Away and Long Ago

The Art and Architecture of Russia. By G. H. HAMILTON. *Penguin Books.* 42s.

The Art and Architecture of the Ancient Orient. By HENRI FRANKFORT. *Penguin Books.* 42s.

The reader, especially if he be a reviewer, who takes either of these handsome volumes—plump as they are with fine clear photographs—and studies the illustrations, may well seek a theoretical framework that will contain them both. The search for valid generalisations will be prompted by the reflection that it is only through the visual arts that all nations and all ages can communicate with each other, which reflection, though exceedingly trite, is quite unavoidable when we are confronted by the sculpted angels of Yuriev Polski, which still move us after seven centuries, or the lovely, delicate head from Warka in Sumeria, which was made more than two thousand years before the battle of Marathon. The effect that such works of art have on us proves, if proof be needed, that human sensibility can respond to some quality in works of art which exists independently of the ideological intentions of the artist. This becomes clear when, upon the strength of plausible conjectures, we reach our own conclusions with regard to the intentions of the artist; for we then turn from the plates to the text and realise the magnitude of our

errors. Look, for instance at the Mesopotamian terra-cotta relief of Lilith—a cosy, sexy, nicely modelled little nude with the wings and feet of a bird standing upon sheepish lions and flanked by amiable schematic owls—she is, according to the late Professor Frankfort (whose learning will hardly be called in question) a sinister "bringer of death," a creature "of truly terrifying nature." Here then, we—or some of us—may be confronted by a work of art, of which everything save the formal beauty is hidden. And of course we may be in the same position with regard to those works, the magical purposes of which are unknown to the archæologists.

For this reason alone it is salutary to read the commentaries of these scholars. But, of course, they have much else to impart. Professor Hamilton, in tracing the development of Russian art from the beginnings of Kiev to the last days of St. Petersburg, describes the many influences from without and the course of internal developments, and is so much in love with his subject that he can point to new beauties in the Novgorod Icons, write persuasively of Levitski and even make a case for the mawkish realism of Repin. Professor Frankfort, who covers a period of nearly 3,000 years, is no less of an enthusiast for the beauties of this material. But he is more archæological in his treatment, for he deals with the successive cultures of Mesopotamia and with their many overflowings into adjacent lands. There is not, however, a word too much archæology; where the illustrations provoke a desire to see more the text makes one long for greater knowledge. It must be added that this book would have been even more readable if a simple chronological chart had been provided and if the map-maker had followed the same system of nomenclature as the author.

Both of these works are enjoyable and instructive; but neither is concerned to give us that theoretical guidance which will enable us to form a connection between the two. For this we must return to the illustrations and there perhaps we may find material for a further generalisation, for in these plates there is one variety of intention which appears in a quite unambiguous form. The profuse interior decoration of Tsarkoe Selo, the laborious glorification of Assurbanipal upon the walls of Nimrud, the immense facade of Peterhof and the colossal masonry of Persepolis have all something of the quality of a gold band upon a fat cigar. The gods change but Mammon endures. His mutations may perhaps provide the best starting-point for a unified view of the history of art.

QUENTIN BELL

New Novels

Academic Year. By D. J. ENRIGHT. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Loser Takes All. By GRAHAM GREENE. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Brothers in Law. By HENRY CECIL. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

All these novels have one admirable quality in common—they all yield a sizeable amount of enjoyment. Mr. Enright, an accomplished poet making a brilliant début in fiction, is slightly less committed than the others to giving pleasure, but he too adds to the mood of euphoria that predominates over this week's novels.

Academic Year is a novel about Alexandria, not the Alexandria of Mr. Forster's seductive guide-book but the modern, klaxon-hooting cosmopolis built out of cotton, which Mr. Robert Liddell satirised some years ago in his *Unreal City*. Mr. Enright is inclined to take a tougher line with "Alex" than his predecessor. "But, of course," he tells us,

> it was only the stranger who noticed the beggars and the automobiles. The inhabitant's more sub-

tilized eye was for different things: Henry Miller set up by drunken Swedes and erratically impressed upon inferior toilet paper, the gentleman driving into the desert with the wife of another gentleman, the latest phase in the war between Coca-Cola and Cola-Cola, the new sambas in the Columbia Music Store (the first word painted out ever since the window was smashed after Colombia's representative at United Nations had voted against an Egyptian motion), the gleaming and often incomprehensible toilet accessories culled from a dozen countries, the level to which the jewellers' shutters were raised—a good barometer of the city's political temperature—or the price of olives. According to one's taste. As for beggars and bashas, they were like the wallpaper in a house. One soon ceased to notice them, and one rarely asked what degree of moral or æsthetic hardening that obliviousness implied.

This is social reporting with a vengeance. On the whole I think Mr. Enright succeeds better with his background and incidental characters than with his protagonists. These include Packet, the University lecturer, and his Syrian girl friend, Sylvie; Bacon, a retired schoolteacher; and Brett, the new boy at the English Cultural Centre. They, with a varied assortment of local types ranging from the rankest *fellahin* to an epicene charmer named Marcel who lectures interminably on the Desert Fathers, make up the ingredients of Mr. Enright's pilaff. Love and death stalk in and out of the book; Packet takes us to an outrageous cocktail party; Bacon delivers a drunken lecture which is quite as funny as the one in *Lucky Jim* and far more economically written. The result is a witty, original and splendidly seedy first novel.

Why then, should the reader be left ever so slightly grumbling? The reason, I think, lies in Packet, the character through whom Mr. Enright sees his story. Packet, the shabby intellectual of good will, has carved out a fair-sized empire for himself in the contemporary English novel, and I for one am heartily tired of him. One knows Packet by now through and through. One knows that he likes good Italian and Japanese films, that

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he drinks rather more than is good for him, that he is still vaguely and unfashionably Leftish, and that his sex life is generally in a state of collapse or weary misdirection. He has read all the books, visited all the spots and knows all the answers. Altogether he is a thundering bore; and the fact that we meet him again and again in Chelsea and Soho and our leading university cities only increases our allergy when we have to meet him again—in the novel. "The artist," Mr. Wyndham Lewis has written—and his words go for all disfranchised intellectuals and cultural hangers-on generally—"is recognisable by the peculiar unpleasantness of his life." It is a cruel but a true remark and one that our younger satirists might well expand, once they have fully pondered its implications.

Mr. Graham Greene's hero, thank Heaven, is a middle-aged accountant about to make a happy second marriage with a girl fifteen years younger than himself. As this is one of Mr. Greene's "entertainments" and not one of his novels, the usual preoccupation with brimstone and the worm is absent. The book—it is so smoothly written that one tends to think of it as a film that we have been privately shown in our own home—runs to something under 150 pages. I shall not attempt to relate the plot except to say that it concerns gambling, is set in Monte Carlo and aboard a a luxury yacht, and that its characters include an exigent, unpunctual financier who is as unlike Mr. Greene's other famous tycoon—the Baltic magnate in *England Made Me*—as Balzac's Baron de Nucingen differed from the Brothers Cheeryble. The plot spins on like a roulette wheel and then clicks purringly to a stop. A deft, perfectly executed performance that gives one the same pleasure as a Maugham short story or a Rattigan comedy. If only more good writers would not affect to despise the "entertainment" and stifle whatever gifts they have in that direction!

Mr. Cecil is also bent on entertainment, and for at least one reader he has succeeded splendidly. His book, as the publisher's blurb tells us, is not strictly a novel at all. Rather, it is a study in the art of communicating *mystique*. Written in a loosely fictional framework, the book tells the story of a young barrister's life from the moment he takes his Bar Finals to the point at which he ends his pupillage in chambers. As I have a predilection for the senior professions, I found this account of professional life vivid and amusing, and exulted and groaned with Roger Thursby in each of his triumphs and reverses in County Courts, or at the hands of magistrates and Masters. Mr. Cecil has a nice sense of character. He can give you the crustiest member of the Bench in a page and a half. Here he is describing Mr. Grimes, Thursby's leader, as he breaks a lance with Sir Hugo Cramp, the Official Referee:

"Take a note, my dear fellow," whispered Mr. Grimes to Roger.

"What in?" asked Roger

"A notebook, my dear fellow—I'm sorry, your Honour. I was just arranging with my learned friend Mr. — Mr. Thorburn—"

"Yes, yes," said Sir Hugo, "but these devilling arrangements should be made beforehand. I take it that I'm going to be deprived of the pleasure of hearing your further argument, Mr. Grimes."

"Only for a very short time, your Honour. I'm on my feet before Mr. Justice Nettlefold."

Sir Hugo removed his spectacles and looked at Mr. Grimes, with a puzzled air for a moment. "Oh, of course," he said. "The prophetic present. Well, I mustn't keep you, Mr. Grimes. Very good of you to have come at all and I'm sure your learned junior will fill your place admirably while you are away."

"It's very good of your Honour," said Mr. Grimes and with a few whispered words to Roger —"Ye'll be all right, my dear fellow, just tell him the tale," Mr. Grimes was gone.

Personally, when Mr. Cecil is in this vein I am prepared to go on with him far further than his 220 pages. I hope that he will continue Roger Thursby's career in a second volume. The young man has not yet received his red bag.

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SHORTER REVIEWS

The Collected Papers of Otto Fenichel: First Series. Edited by HANNA FENICHEL and DAVID RAPAPORT. *Routledge*. 35*s*.

The publication of Otto Fenichel's collected papers in two volumes, of which this is the first, is welcome and important. Fenichel, who, in *The Psycho-analytic Theory of the Neuroses* made one of the half-dozen greatest contributions—outside Freud's own—to psycho-analysis, wrote copiously and well. It would have been a tragedy if this wealth of stimulating material—now skilfully and unobtrusively edited—had been lost in the back-numbers of technical journals. Fenichel wrote in the classical psycho-analytic style, but the terse clarity of his exposition cannot conceal the fact that his great erudition and experience is illuminated by an extraordinary imaginative insight into the nature of mental sickness. In many of his papers, moreover, he reveals a wide range of scholarship quite outside the psychological field. For instance, there is one brilliant fragment of historical rather than psychological reconstruction, in which he shows the origin of a nursery-rhyme game in the public humiliation and punishment of witches. It is inevitable, of course, that not all the papers are of equal worth. Some are mere clinical notes occupying a couple of pages, while others are over 40 pages long. But in almost all of them he displays that hall-mark of greatness, the ability to make us think again about something we had always accepted.

How many people, for example, have ever thought much about boredom? We have all experienced it, and explained it in terms of having nothing interesting to occupy us. But to Fenichel, boredom implies conflict between the need for activity and an inhibition of activity springing from the unconscious. This concept would explain Ferenczi's "Sunday Neurotic," a man who looks forward to the week-end when he can do all the things he likes, but then finds himself dismally bored. It would also explain that delightful character, the person who is interested in everything; his capacity to be spontaneously aroused by virtually anything is to be understood less in terms of curiosity, than as the absence of internal checks, inhibitions and anxieties, created by the unwelcome unconscious associations of certain types of activity. If we look objectively at our own states of boredom, we will realise that there is more to them than a surface inability to find entertainment; there is also almost invariably a sense of uneasy tension. Boredom, in fact, is not simple apathy, but a condition of conflict cancelling out action.

The Adventures of Mark Twain. By JERRY ALLEN *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 18*s*.

It is not easy to see for whom this new life of Mark Twain is intended, though it might be very suitable for a patriotic American child of eleven years. In tone it is pre-Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*; the debunking having been done, it conscientiously puts the bunk back again. The Mark Twain portrayed here is distinctly the Sunday School hero. But Miss Allen is nothing if not uncritical; she is a born hero-worshipper, and this alone is enough to prevent her seeing where her hero's true significance lies. Mark Twain, it becomes more and more clear as the years pass, was a very great writer; it would not be easy to think of a more seminal book in any literature than *Huckleberry Finn*. But to see him, as Miss Allen does, as the "American Voltaire" is certainly to understand neither Voltaire nor Twain. *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, on which Miss Allen spreads herself so ecstatically, is as philistinely silly a book as ever a man of genius wrote, and shows Twain thoroughly enmeshed in the local prejudices of his time. The book on which his real reputation rests remains *Huckleberry Finn*, and it is great for reasons quite other than those Miss Allen adduces.

But this is to take Miss Allen's book too seriously. She plainly knows her author and the literature relating to him thoroughly. She writes breathlessly and without too much attention to syntax and grammar. She is at her best when she can see her hero as the hero of a novel instead of as complex a personality as nineteenth-century America produced. This means that she is at her best in her first chapters, when she is describing life on the frontier, at Hannibal, Missouri, in the Forties and life on the Mississippi twenty years later.

Voice from the Ranks. By TIMOTHY GOWING. Edited by KENNETH FENWICK. *Heinemann*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Publishers have done their best with the hundredth anniversary of the Crimean war. We have had Florence Nightingale, the Light Brigade, a book of photographs. Now with Sergeant T. Gowing we are scraping the barrel. Though his personal narrative has no new illumination for the historian, as a work of popular literature it is first-rate. Simplicity in writing demands great skill and sophistication in the author. When simple people write, they do so with the splendid pomposity of a music-hall orator. Sergeant Gowing caught this tone so well that he could peddle copies of his book for fifty years afterwards. Every officer is gallant; the British troops always raise a cheer; the Russians are cruel, treacherous, drunk. The battle of Inkerman, for instance, was "fought by men who were, so to speak, half starved, clothed in rags, and exposed to all the inclemencies of a rigorous climate, whilst they were attacked by hordes of men confident of victory, whose feelings had been wrought to madness by stimulants and priestcraft." Only Sir Winston Churchill could better this.

You'll Die in Singapore. By CHARLES MCCORMAC. *Hale*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

This is the full story of an escape from a Japanese prison camp in Singapore, through the Dutch East Indies to the Australian mainland, already recounted briefly in Paul Brickhill's *Escape or Die*. The author is modest, brave, of more than average intelligence, but in most respects not different from thousands of other young men caught in the irresistible Japanese advance. One never doubts his veracity; and his

style, apart from some catch phrases in the opening pages, is graphic and compelling.

Some war stories have been glamorised to the point where the reader may be tempted, momentarily perhaps, to condone war because it insists ordinary people with qualities of heroism and endurance beyond the humdrum demands of peace. Mr. McCormac's book is a valuable antidote. It reminds us that if war ennobles some, it depresses others to levels of action sometimes mistakenly called bestial. Psychologists may have an explanation for the Japanese atrocities at Singapore, but Mr. McCormac does not attempt to analyse motives. It suffices him to report, and his account is shocking in the extreme. Three only out of the original seventeen of the escaping party survived. In a story almost devoid of other redeeming features, the reader must be thankful that such a sane and resolute man got away. This is a very grim book, but one which no-one could call unnecessary. Nor is it possible to imagine that the horror has been exaggerated. There is something at times shocking even in the author's restraint.

The Nursing Couple. By MERELL P. MIDDLEMORE. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

Lady Macbeth spoke warmly of the pleasures of suckling a child: but, though a common emotion, it is one to which little attention has been paid by writers, moralists or doctors. In the 1930s, the late James Spence did pioneer work in bringing home the importance of breast-feeding, not so much on the grounds of the child's physical well-being, but as filling a psychological need in the mother. And the thesis of the late Dr. Middlemore's inquiry, based on observations made in the lying-in ward of a big hospital (and first published during the war), is the psychological interdependence of mother and child.

It was long after psychiatrists had traced adult neuroses to early feeding experience that Dr. Middlemore undertook the first serious study of the emotional situations there displayed. Aggression, frustration, satisfaction, were all noted in various babies, and related to their mothers' fear, anxiety, or delight. The lesson to be drawn by the general reader, shall we say the general mother, from this sometimes rather technical inquiry, is that the aim of breast-feeding is something far more than giving a child the food best suited to its body: it is to provide an emotional environment of security and love in which the whole creature shall thrive. And so all regimes which insist on rigidity and rules (babies fed by the clock, and never picked up when they cry), all doctors and nurses who regard a baby as a creature to be forced into proper patterns of feeding, are hindering a right mother-child relationship. Each couple, Dr. Middlemore insisted, solves its own problems its own individual way.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,302

Set by Hilbrian

Hymned by Lionel Johnson, the statue of Charles I at the top of Whitehall has had it all its own way. Competitors are asked to submit a poem (limit 16 lines) in praise of any other London statue. Entries by February 15.

Result of No. 1,299

Set by John Pomfret

The usual prizes are offered for a passage of dialogue from a novel written in collaboration between any one of the three following couples: Ivy Compton-Burnett and Richmal Crompton; Elizabeth Bowen and Agatha Christie; Nancy Mitford and Daphne du Maurier.

Report

A high and bountiful entry in which a rich talent for pastiche asserted itself:

"I bet you I can skate like—like a polar bear," shouted William as the three boys reached the edge of the pond.

'Is our friend suggesting that the polar bear skates across the Arctic ice-fields?" Ginger appealed to Henry . . .

"Bet you a million pounds it does."

"The odds are very much in Henry's favour. Will he accept them?" asked Ginger dispassionately.

(Vera Telfer)

or

"Anyway," said William, "it was fun seeing you all wondering where the water was coming from."

"It is odd," said Mr. Brown, as one closing the matter, "that William should think we wonder. It is not what we are ever obliged to do, when this sort of thing happens."

(Edward Blishen)

Colin Prestige did a nice Mitford-du Maurier line in Welsh innocence and experience; and Ongar rang the changes happily on Mrs. Danvers. But in general the temptation to bring William's muddy boots into Miss Compton-Burnett's strychnine-laden drawing-room was irresistible. June Barraclough, the Christie-Bowen runner-up, lost marks heavily by describing Poirot as this "little *Frenchman*"!

P. Holtby's entry stood so much out of the general run that she would have won first prize even without supplying a perfect alternative title—*William Masters the Pastors*. (For this she receives an extra guinea—four in all.) I have decided to award a guinea each to the other three entries printed below.

From *William and Mater*, by I. COMPTON-BURNETT and RICHMAL CROMPTON

"Now boys, you would rather look at Mr. Harding than listen to Mrs. Knight," said William's mother, in a tone of confidence wholly unjustified by appearances.

"We feel a certain concern regarding William's morals, Mrs. Brown," said Henry, "and hope for a word to sustain our efforts on an earthly level since a higher one has failed."

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed," said William, with a glance at Ginger, as if in illustration.

"Doesn't Heaven stoop to conquer?" said Douglas.

"It would stoop," said Henry, "but burrowing like a mole is another thing."

"Ginger's cwying," said Annabel Lou, to whom emotion made an instant appeal.

"Poor child," said Henry, "his faith has been undermined."

"Mrs. Knight has burrowed like a mole," said William.

"Ginger says he'd always b'lieved in Father Chwistmas," said Annabel Lou, displaying an ability to gain rather than to keep a confidence.

"There is a Father Christmas—in spirit, dear," said Mrs. Brown.

"We should hardly grudge the consolation," said William, with seasonable visions of his father in this condition.

"William, you will refrain from lowering our standard by aspiring to dialectical polemics along this line," said Henry.

William refrained.

"Now boys, enough of that; forget about 'Morals' and come and view Lady Boyle," said Mrs. Brown, on a careless note.

"William!" said Henry, "refrain."

P. HOLTBY

IVY COMPTON-BURNETT AND RICHMAL CROMPTON

"How could I anticipate his reaction?" asked Alfred.

"In any case it was unwise to put liquorice water in the decanter," said Matthew. "You ought to be aware of Father's tendency to misunderstand even those gestures which we make for the sake of peace. Although I recommended the use of whisky in the model steam engine, I suggested that cold tea would be a suitable replacement in the decanter. After his initial disappointment Father would have suffered only retrospective anguish, instead of the repetitive physical disturbance which now afflicts him."

"Father is to blame," said Alfred, "in having so often refused our invitations to drink liquorice water! He has had every opportunity to prepare himself for this occasion. And if he honestly disliked our concoction, why did he drink so much? In the light of

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subsequent events, I can only say that his behaviour was both greedy and wasteful."

At this point Ruskin entered the woodshed and prepared to make an announcement. The boys experienced a moment of anxiety, not unmixed with curiosity, as he cleared his throat and said, "Master Alfred is to present himself in the library without delay."

"Crumbs!" ejaculated Alfred.

ERIC SWAINSON

ELIZABETH BOWEN AND AGATHA CHRISTIE

—Poirot bowed courteously. "It is *très gentil* of you to come and see me, Mademoiselle," he said.

Felicity felt glad she was wearing the stole; somehow its femininity defied those very male moustaches.

"I had no alternative," she answered.

"But surely, Mademoiselle, the alternative was—*ne pas venir, n'est-ce-pas?*"

"*Non!*" she replied sharply, deliberately asserting her own linguistic powers. "You see—if I had refused to come, it would have been somehow, as it were, a confession of failure."

"Confession! Then you confess, Mademoiselle? You killed your lover, *c'est vrai?*"

"Confess, kill, lover," she murmured. "You use these words as though they only had one meaning. But think how infinitely many gradations of meaning there are to the word 'lover'——"

"Enough! Mademoiselle, I do not tolerate the equivocation. I, Poirot, ask you the straight question. Did you or did you not murder Roderick Spencer-Poumphrey?"

"Does it matter?" she sighed.

"Matter? *Mon Dieu!* Do you suggest, Mademoiselle, that Death does not matter?"

"Oh, it matters in a sense, yes. But compared with the slow weariness of life, with the subtle degradations of years in which illusions, faith, hope, are gradually stripped away—does it really, perhaps, so very much matter?"

L. W. BAILEY

NANCY MITFORD AND DAPHNE DU MAURIER

"Rowena," I said, "I found this photograph in the second drawer of the bureau in the morning room, when I was looking for my will."

"Oh, darling, it's Edgar," she giggled. "Isn't he bliss in his Coronation robes!"

"Were you married long?"

"Well, not really, darling, but then a day could be quite a long time if you were spending it with Edgar."

"In plain language," I said, "why did you marry him?"

"Well, he seemed a terrific Hon.—*très gentil*. And then when he seduced me in the middle of my third season, Mummy thought it would be a good idea. So I did. Of course, he was awfully rich, and a Duke, but horribly middle-class—and not very nice, darling."

"I found these pills, too," I said. "There are seven of them—round, glossy, easy to swallow——"

"They're the sort you give to dogs," she said, "when they have to be put down."

"Rowena," I said, "was your first husband's death—accidental?"

She did not answer immediately. She straightened the rug over my knees. I saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, darling," she said, "why do Border Terriers have to get old and smelly?"

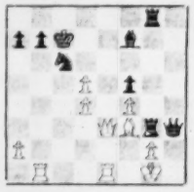
GWEN FOYLE

CHESS

No. 279 Salute to a Friend

The other day I was lucky enough to acquire a batch of *British Chess Magazines* of the early eighteen-nineties, and in one issue I found this interesting game.

(1)	P-K4	P-K3	(13) KtxB	PxKt
(2)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(14) P-R3	Kt-R3
(3)	B-K3	PxP	(15) P-B5!	Kt-QKt1
(4)	Kt-Q2	Kt-KB3	(16) PxP	RPxP
(5)	P-KKt3	Kt-B3	(17) B-QKt5	P-B3
(6)	P-QB3	P-K4	(18) PxP	Q-B2
(7)	Kt-K2	B-KKt5	(19) Kt-R4!	B-B4
(8)	Q-Kt3	Q-Q4?	(20) KtxB	PxKt
(9)	P-QB4!	Q-Q2	(21) BxP	Kt-R3
(10)	P-Q5	Kt-QKt5	(22) Q-R4	Q-B1
(11)	Kt-QB3	P-QKt3	(23) P-B7ch	Kt-Q2
(12)	P-KR3	B-B6	(24) B-B6!	resigns



The winner was Jacques Mieses, who died just about a year ago, on the day before his 89th birthday. To celebrate his 90th we might as well pick a few plums from the amazingly large and colourful bunch of brilliancies left by our old friend. Here, playing White against Bardeleben (at Barmen, 1905), Mieses blissfully ignored the threats to his KtP and B, and, not without some gratuitous help from his opponent, he obliterated him most gracefully.

(1)	RxP ch	KxR	(4) Q-K8 ch	RxQ
(2)	PxKt ch	K-R1	(5) RxR ch	BxR
(3)	P-B7 ch	RxB	(6) P queens,	mate

Here—not quite as well known perhaps as others—is a brilliancy prize game won by Mieses against Tartakower at Karlsbad, 1907.

(1)	P-K4	P-Q4	(12) Kt-KB3	QxR
(2)	PxP	Kt-KB3	(13) KtxP	O-O
(3)	B-Kt5 ch	P-B3	(14) R-KB1	B-K3
(4)	PxP	PxP	(15) Kt-Q2	Q-B6
(5)	B-B4	P-K4	(16) BxB	PxB
(6)	P-Q3	B-QB4	(17) RxR ch	KxR
(7)	B-K3	BxB	(18) Q-B4 ch	K-K1
(8)	PxB	Q-Kt3	(19) Q-B7 ch	K-Q1
(9)	Q-B1	Kt-Kt5	(20) Q-B8 ch	K-B2
(10)	K-K2	KtxP	(21) Q-K7 ch	K-B1
(11)	QxKt	QxP	(22) Kt (2)-B4!	

After a few "spite-checks" were exhausted Black resigned. Obviously, it would cost the Q to stave off mate.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which Mieses's victim (playing White) fondly imagined to have adequately secured the vital mating threats at e3 and e2. How was he forced to resign in a couple of moves? **B**—White to win—has some pitfalls, but should not be too difficult for 6 ladder-points; but **C**—also a win—is not nearly as easy as it looks and may well be worth 7 points.

A: Jacques Mieses 1903

B: F. J. Prokop 1923

C: Joseph Kupper 1954

Usual prizes. Entries by February 14.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 276 Set January 15

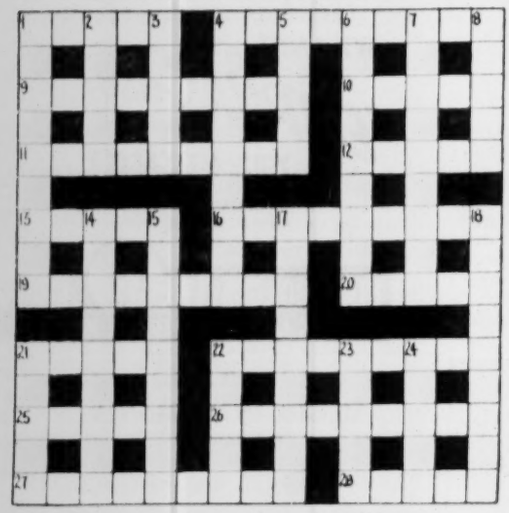
A: (1) . . Kt-B5. (2) R-K3½, Q x Kt ch! (3) K x Q, R-B8 ch. (4) R-K1, R x R ch. (5) K x R, Kt-Kt7 ch etc.
B: (1) B-B6 ch, P x B. (2) P-B4, R-R1 ch. (3) K-Kt7 etc.
C: (1) R-K7!, K-B6. (2) R-B7 ch, K-K6. (3) R-K7 ch, K-B7. (4) R-B7 ch, K-K8. (5) P-R7, R-Q1. (6) K-Kt2!, K-Q7. (7) R-Q7 ch! and wins the R after both promotions.
(1) R-K6 (8) refuted by R-Q3(1).
If (1) . . . R-Q2. (2) R x R, P queens. (3) R-B7 ch, K-Kt1. (4) P-R7 draws.

C, of course, to be a draw. Sorry about the misprint. A pity, because it is not nearly as easy a study as it looks. Naturally it shall not count in the ladder. Prizes shared by: E. A. Barclay-Smith, W. M. Hancock, A. E. Harris, W. T. Maccall, D. H. R. Stally-brass.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 138

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 138, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Feb. 15.



ACROSS

1. The snob sounds like a wooer (5).
4. Beatings with nine-inch rulers? (9).
9. It is queer among workers; they chew things over (9).
10. All the same, do (5).
11. Charms with distorted animals inside them (9).
12. It is foreign, but one has a right to retain possession (5).
13. Qualities which may make one fit into a grammar school (5).
16. Nearly all spoils and wastes away (9).
19. For King Charles to possess an estate it must be royal property (9).
20. Material used in the manufacture of wooden images (5).
21. Put everything back in the wood to make it fall down (5).
22. A soldier, yet one who meets his end on a ship? (9).
25. Cross with a headless sailor (5).
26. Where to dump the metal in motors which have had a smash (9).
27. It is economic policy to liberate the East after a quick rush back (9).
28. These games were bound to start with a set-back (5).

DOWN

1. A modification of the strict age is a matter of general policy (9).
2. The language of a Frenchman in an extremity (5).
3. Solid sheets, but if under a penny they are liquid (5).
4. The philosopher starts as a bringer of gifts (9).
5. Weights for beasts of burden (5).
6. What David Balfour was (9).
7. "To draw ——, propagate, and rot" (Pope) (9).
8. How to make love or what to use on one's sweet (5).
14. Unmounted illustration of the driver's place (9).
15. Initially the most honest are licentious with a goddess (9).
17. Where to mine for go'd in rugged surroundings (9).
18. Half male is this queen (9).
21. "A wit's a feather, and a —— a rod" (Pope) (5).
22. Town where an inhabitant is upset about society (5).
23. A representative with inside information (5).
24. Eight is and is not one of these (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 136

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 136

H. J. Wall (Bristol), Mrs. L. G. Geddie (Edinburgh), J. A. C. Brown (Harlton).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Leeds. The Council invites applications for appointment to the Chair of English Literature which will become vacant on September 30, 1955, following the resignation of Professor Bonamy Dobree. The salary will be not less than £2,100 a year together with child allowance of £50 a child, and superannuation. Applications (15 copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 from whom further particulars may be obtained not later than March 21.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the Sir William Mather Chair of Russian, which will become vacant upon the retirement of Professor Samuel Dobrin on September 30, 1955. Salary not less than £1,900 per annum (subject to the approval of the Revised Scale for University Salaries). Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications (one copy only) should be sent not later than March 1, 1955, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Research School of Social Sciences. Applications are invited for appointment as Research Fellow in the Department of Demography. The appointment is for three years with a possible extension to five years, at a salary within the range £1,100-£1,650 per annum. Reasonable removal expenses will be paid and superannuation on the F.S.S.U. pattern is provided. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is March 31, 1955, but intending applicants in the United Kingdom may arrange interviews before February 14 with Mr. W. D. Borrie, the Head of the Department, through the office of the Association of Universities (Tel. MUSeum 4578).

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Archivist. Applications are invited for the post of Archivist. Salary scale £550-£650. Initial salary according to experience and qualifications. F.S.S.U. and family allowance benefits. Applications (5 copies) should be lodged, not later than February 15, 1955, with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Robt. T. Hutcheson, Secretary of University Court.

BRITISH Film Institute—Appointment of Director. The Governors of The British Film Institute invite applications for the post of Director, the principal executive officer of the Institute, responsible for the whole of its work including the National Film Library and the National Film Theatre. Salary scale £1,706-£2,200 per annum. Candidates with exceptional qualifications may be appointed at a salary higher than the starting rate. Since the Institute's main purpose is to further public appreciation of the film, the primary quality sought in its chief officer is a genuine interest in films combined with administrative ability. Applications with the names of two referees should be addressed to the Chairman of the Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, not later than March 5, 1955.

PHILIPS Electrical Industries, Ltd., need a young man interested in the personnel and training field, who will, in the first place, be appointed as assistant training officer in one of their London area factories. This position may be regarded as part of a training scheme, and the man appointed may later be moved to other positions in the company's factories. He should be aged not less than 25, should be a graduate if possible, with some scientific knowledge, and should preferably have had industrial experience outside the field of personnel management. A salary of not less than £600 would be paid, but this would depend on age and experience. Applications should be submitted in writing to Mr. D. F. Hutchison, Chief Personnel Officer, Philips Electrical Industries, Ltd., Century House, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

ABSTRACTOR. A vacancy arises for a young lady with scientific qualifications and a leaning towards library work for the post of Abstractor in a new technical service organisation in the North West. The work involves the abstracting of scientific and technical journals on a range of chemical topics in the field of thermoplastics, and the preparation of reports on these subjects. A knowledge of German is important and the ability to read Russian would be an advantage. Salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Box 4119.

WEST London Mission. (Supt. Minister: Rev. Dr. D. O. Soper, M.A.) Excellent vocational opportunity for young or middle-aged person. Educated yet domesticated, interested social welfare of deprived children. Resident Cook-Caterer in H.O. Approved Hostel (Girls). 20 residents. Basic 48-hr. week. £5 13s. 6d. (+ 6% Dom. Sct. Diplomas), less £1 14s. 9d. emolts. Apply Warden, 8 Doughty St., W.C.1. Tel. HOL. 5561.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC. requires Drama Producer at Belfast. Candidates must have knowledge of Northern Ireland and of Ulster drama and literature and experience of producing plays. Duties include casting, selecting and adapting plays for broadcasting and dealing with office work. Salary £1,085 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £1,465. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "684 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

BBC. invites applications from British subjects for (a) Sub-Editors in Foreign Services News Department. Good education and experience in sub-editing foreign news essential. Personal knowledge of Europe or Asia an advantage. Work on day and night shifts, includes accurate factual writing of news bulletins for foreign audiences. Salary £870 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £1,175. (b) Trainee-ships for posts similar to above. Candidates, preferably under 30 and of University standard, must have good knowledge of international affairs and enthusiasm for writing world news with simplicity and accuracy for foreign listeners. Training salary according to qualifications and not less than £645 per annum. After training period, varying with suitability of candidate, successful candidates should in competition graduate to Sub-Editorial posts. Prospects of further promotion. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "685 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1 within five days. Candidates must clearly indicate post applied for.

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Cambridge, Children Department. Applications are invited for the appointment of Children's Visitor at a salary in accordance with A.P.T. Grade I, i.e., £500 × £20–£580. Applicants should possess the Home Office Child Care Certificate or Diploma in Social Science or other similar qualification, and preference will be given to candidates with experience in the work of a Children Department. A commencing salary above the minimum of the scale will be considered in the case of an experienced candidate. A County Council car will be provided. Appointment will be subject to the National Joint Council's Scheme of Conditions of Service, to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Acts, and to the passing of a medical examination. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be sent to the undersigned not later than February 14, 1955. Charles Phythian, Clerk of the County Council, Shire Hall, Cambridge.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Committee. Trained and/or exper'd Full-time Leader (male or female) reqd. at Staines Youth Club. Membership (mixed) 120. Salary Misc. III (£425–£480 per annum if 26 yrs. or over). Established, subject to medical assessment & prescribed conditions. Application forms and particulars (stmpd. addr. env.) from Divisional Education Officer, Education Office, Kenilworth Road, Ashford, Middlesex, returnable by February 18 (quote P.869/N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

MARKETING Executive required by Young and Rubicam, Ltd., Advertising Responsibilities include analysis of sales figures and consumer research data and preparation of agency recommendations to clients. Essential qualifications are some previous executive experience in marketing or market research, report writing ability and knowledge of statistical method. Salary in accordance with experience and qualifications. Apply Marketing Manager, Young and Rubicam, Ltd., 285 Regent Street, W.1.

NATIONAL Institute for Research in Dairying requires Personal Assistant (female) to Head of Physiology Department. Good secretarial qualifications essential. Degree in Biological Science or some biological experience would be an advantage as would some knowledge of foreign languages. Commencing salary according to age in scale, £382 (age 21) £482 age 26 or over on entry)—£540 (maximum), with superannuation. Applications, with names of two referees, to reach Secretary of the Institute, Shinfield, Reading, within one week. Quote reference 55/4.

BOARDING Home for Maladjusted Children, Kenilworth Road, Coventry. Housemother (Resident) required at above home. Salary £350-£410 p.a. plus £19 10s. in certain circumstances, less £100 board/lodging. Applic. form and further partics.: Director of Education, Council House, Coventry.

ORGANISER (Lady) for Women's Zionist Movement, Head Office, London. Experienced in fund-raising and able to address women's meetings London/Provinces. Permanent and remunerative position for capable person. Reply: treated in strictest confidence. Apply "Chairman," Box 4232.

SMALL Farm School requires resident teacher for junior group. Box 4240.

AMERICAN Jewish Welfare Organisation requires experienced social workers for assignments in North African countries. Knowledge of French necessary. Good salary plus living cost allowance. Box 4091.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

YOUTH Organiser to develop leisure time activities for children and adolescents in a large co-operative society. Salary £500 p.a., plus bonus. Superannuation scheme. No living accommodation available. Details and application form, to be returned by February 17, from the Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., 15, Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

RESIDENT teacher with experience in progressive education required for independent co-educational hostel-school for maladjusted children. Write, stating qualifications and interests. Box 4184.

NURSERY Nurse wanted by family in S.W. London, experienced with and interested in small play-group of 2-5 year-olds; no housework; good hours; might suit Kindergarten teacher with child. Box 4010.

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LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8511-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel: PARk 8392).

HEATHERLEY Art School, Founded 1845. Sound vocational training. Full part-time. 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1.

RUTH Aaronberg, A.R.C.M., receives pupils for pianoforte, theory, harmony, and aural training. Preparation for all examinations. 35 Cornwall Gdns., S.W.7. WES. 1382.

THE Ariel School of Dance & Drama. Under direction of Leslie French. 2 year Acting Course. 3 year Teaching Course. Prospectus from Tower Theatre, Canonbury Place, London, N.1.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards) London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

GREGG Shorthand, 1 and 3 months' Intensive Courses. Frances King Secretl. Sch., 1a Harrington Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 4771.

EXPERT Postal Tuition for examinations—University, Law, Accountancy, Secretarial, Civil Service, Commercial, General Cert. of Education, etc. Also many practical (non-exam.) Courses in business subjects. Write today for free prospectus mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to Metropolitan College (DH4), St. Albans, or call 30 Queen Victoria St., E.C.4.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton: FLA. 7967 p.m.

JUDO Courses for Beginners. Apply Secretary, The Budokwai, 4 Gilston Rd., S.W.10. (Tel. KEN. 1540 after 3 p.m.)

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

YOUNG lady gives lessons in English/typing/shorthand. Box 3803.

VOICE Production, Speech Training, Public Speaking, &c. Miss Barbara Gee, L.R.A.M., R.A.M. Diploma. 21 Chessington Avenue, Finchley, N.3. FIN. 3009.

PAINTING Rooms: Day & Evening Classes, with models. Private tuition if desired. Reasonable terms. 374 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. TER. 7603 or MAL. 7096.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6. MAL. 4657.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

NATIONAL Association of Mixed Clubs & Girls' Clubs. Ninth Annual Spring School at St. John's College, York, from Saturday, April 16–Saturday, April 23, 1955, under the direction of Dr. J. Macalister Brew. Lecturers will include Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald, W. Macqueen-Pope and Lewis Waddilove. In addition each member of the Course will undertake at least 18 hours' practical work in one of the following subjects: Craft in Home and Club, Drama, "Explore your Countryside" and Social Experiments. Special sessions on the organisation of Youth Service in Great Britain and the techniques of Informal Education are arranged within the framework of the Course for educationists or social welfare workers from overseas. Inclusive cost £6 10s. Nurseries available. Full particulars from N.A.M.C. & G.C., 30 Devonshire St., London, W.1.

EASTER & SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

EASTER and Summer Drama Schools, Interval Club, London, W.1, and at Leatherhead. Repertory Theatre, Surrey. Director: Marian Naylor, 8, 10 or 14 days. Fees 4½-6gns. Acting Technique, Improvisation, Make-up, Stage Movement, etc., with professional staff. Syllabuses: Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

HOLIDAY & vacation plans can include a visit to Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send card for new (Apr.-Sept.) programme.

HOUSE Party Holidays in Britain (Cornwall, Sussex and Wales) and at Cattolica on the Italian Adriatic. St. Johann in the Tyrol, Austria and Puerto Pollensa, Majorca. Language lessons and practice, German, French, Italian and Spanish, available. Erna Low, 47 (HP) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

STUDENTSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Application is invited for the Herbert Smith Memorial Research Studentship (for research in Botany or Zoology, preferably on a subject connected with the interests of the Society for the Promotion of Nature Reserves) of the value of £160* a year, tenable for two years. Applicants should normally possess a Bachelor's Degree of this University, or an equivalent qualification of another University in the United Kingdom, but candidates about to take their Final Examinations are eligible. Application (on prescribed form) must reach the Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, Univ. of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than March 1 1955. *In certain circumstances the Ministry of Educ. may supplement at their normal rates.

CO-OPERATIVE College, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire. Principal: R. L. Marshall, O.B.E., M.A. This adult residential College includes a department of social studies and a course for the Diploma in Political and Economic Studies for external students awarded by the University of Nottingham. Scholarships available at a minimum value of £185 per session; in addition two Research Scholarships of value £500 for research into the development of the Co-operative Movement. Full information from the College Administrative Officer.

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting. Five annual entrance scholarships and one exhibition for men or women who wish to train as professional artists: all awards tenable for four years. Competition in April; details from Sec., Byam Shaw School, Campden St, Kensington W.8 before Mar. 31.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

THE Wharf Hotel, Horam, Sussex, will reopen end March. Book now for spring holiday in lovely country within reach East-bourne. Comfort & good food assured.

A COTTAGE to Yourselves. During the winter you can enjoy the privacy of your own centrally-heated cottage with sitting room, bathroom and toilet, plus all amenities and meals of the Farringford Hotel from 8gns. each per week. Details from the Manager, Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, I.o.W. Ph. 512.

NORTH Devon. One mile sea. Good touring centre. Garage. Sprung beds. H. & C., B.B. & dinner. Reasonable. Mrs. Birks, Barbrook, Lynton. Phone 3217.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Country, seaside, good accommodation, H. & C. Spring interiors. Good home cooking. Terms: Drake, Porthmeor, Newport.

PORLOCK. Halsecombe House, betw. Exmoor & sea; friendly guest-hse. Ample well chd. country fare. Garage. Stabling. Pers. attention. Mr. & Mrs. W. J. Holmes.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Here is an hotel where you do what you like. It's friendly, comfortable and the food is excellent. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

BETWS-Y-COED district. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort; Continental cooking. 7½gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

MOUNTAIN farm, Snowdonia. Beautiful view, rooms and food. Hot baths, log fires. 7gns. inclusive. Box 3819.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Sea, cliffs, downs. Old Norton House. Sm. luxury hotel, on famous old Green. Rooms of distinction: cent. htg.; excep. food; friendly atmos. 8gns. Brochure. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

CARAVAN Holiday Guide, 1955. Fullest details of 2,000 vans on 150 sites, Norfolk round coast to Devon, Cornwall and Somerset. Terms, size, surroundings, site amenities. 2s. 6d. F. O. Low's Guides, 181 Kensington High Street, W.8.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

LAND'S End. Porthcurno. Easter. Dora Russell, 18 Manor Mansions, N.W.5.

FARM and Country Holidays: Guide for 1955 describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms and Guest Houses. Pages of pictures. 3s. 3d. post paid. Farm Guide, Dept. S.N., 18 High Street, Paisley.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Continental holiday now midst loveliest Spring flowers in the land of Smugglers & Pixies. Sunshine, safe golden sands & emerald pools. Later on Fishing, boating in Italian-like villages. Finest surf-bathing. Salmon, trout. TV (Plymouth). Billiards. Tennis. Children's room. Golf. Open all year. Remarkably sheltered. 5 hrs London 11gns. except July-Aug. Superb cooking. Miss Wainewright. Port Isaac 234.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on W. Cornish coast. 5½gns. Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

TEMPLE Garth Guest House, Symonds Yat, Goodrich, Ross-on-Wye, open Easter. Int. spring mattresses. Fishing. Facing Sth.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms., 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green. Garages. Superlative food. 7gns. Summer 7½-9gns.

SNOWDONIA. Inexpensive mountain holidays. Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales.

SIMPLE Cntry. Guest Hse. Lovely Cotswold Valley. Own produce. 5½-7gns. Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

KESWICK: Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, in unique position, is an excellent centre for exploring the beauties of the English Lake District. First-class food, personal supervision. Home-made bread, &c., comf., friendly atmosphere. Parties, conferences welc. Anne Hunter. Tel. 508.

RYE. The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for Spring holidays. Rye 2216.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

CARDIGAN Bay. Sea & Mountains, vegetarians welc.; 5gns. wkly. Trevor & Mary Jepson, Brackenhurst, Fairbourne, Merioneth.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Ride-a-While Book. 1s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

WINTER warmth for convalescence, rest or holiday. Small quiet hotel for friendly people in "Britain's Best Climate." All desiring warmth & comfort will enjoy Normanhurst. Rec. by edrs. 4½-7gns. (inexpensive twin-bedded rms., incl. full board, early tea, gratuities, bfd. bedtm. (cen. htg. everywhere). Winter terms apply till end May. Slumberlands, Convalescents welcome; breakfast in bed (nominal charge). Vegetarian if desired. Illus. brochures. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Facing Sth., opp. covrd. prom., nr. Sun Lounge orchestra. No fogs. Tel.: Hastings 4784.

CLEW Bay, W. Coast of Ireland. Enjoy your holidays here this year. Tariff from Avondale House, Mallaranny, Co. Mayo.

MIEDERS, Tyrol, Austria. Hotel Lerchenhof. The place for a happy holiday. 40 minutes' bus ride from Innsbruck. Big garden. Swimming bath and tennis court nearby. Lovely spring flowers, excellent cooking. April, May, June, Sept., Oct. Aust. Sch. 50.-, July, Aug. Sch. 55.- per day. Service 10%, local tax Sch. 80.

MAJORCA. Alfresco holiday inn. Sun, sea, mountains. Outstandingly good food. 5/7gns. incl. wine and service. Illus. brochure from Ca'n Quet, Deya, Majorca, or phone PAD. 0416 for interview London.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful, quiet situation above sandy beach. Modern comforts. 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates to July 15. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUS. 2187.—Open till 10 p.m.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf. dinner opt. Moderate.

HIGH class Guest House, 10 mins. Marble Arch. Bed & bkfst. from £3. MAI. 1950.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15/- daily.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1660. All cons. 12s. 6d. /15s. 6d. B & B. wkly. terms arrg.

BACH. offers amor. share s.c. flat Lancaster Gate. Bth., ph., din.-kit. Recs. Box 5508.

GRADUATE household: quiet, congenial atmosphere. Lge. single rm. £2 10s. 6d., also smaller room 45s. 6d. HAMpstead 8109.

BED/SIT. Pleas. priv. house Golders Green. Sunny room, H. & C. Ckg. facs. Suit 2 ladies or married cple. MEA. 2277.

FURNISHED single bed-sitting room, own kitchen, in architect's house, Barnes Bridge. 50s. p.w. PRO. 6652.

WILLESDEN Green, 5 mins. Tube. Double (single) bed-sit. Basin, H.C., Gasfire, ring. Quiet. GLA. 2783 evgs. weekends.

TWO large bright rooms, furnished, h. & c., etc., light, bath, pleasant neighbourhood. Quiet house, reasonable rent. Particularly suit 1 or 2 students. Phone FIN. 0558 after 2 p.m. or weekend.

FEB. 9-23. Hampstead flat to let. Warm. Sip. 2-3. 4gns. p.w. inc. HAM. 9625.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

DOUBLE Divan room, £2 10s. wkly. Ckg. facils., Bath, Linen provided. 5 mins Tube & Buses. Goodings, 5 The Chase, S.W.4. MAC. 3188.

DIVAN rooms. Single & double. H. & C. Ckg. facs. Own meter. Complete privacy. 70 Priory Rd., N.W.6. MAI. 5141.

TO let, single & double divan-bed sitting rooms with partial board. Terms mod. Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

MOD. Frn. lady offers large comfortable bed- & sit-rooms, bath, breakfast, attendance, quiet house N.W.11. Box 4142.

HIGHGATE nr. Tube. Small B.S., bkfst., ev. snack. Prof. family. 50s. Box 4144.

FURNISHED 2-room s.c. quiet flatlet, suit prof. woman; share bath. 6gns. MAI. 2277 mornings & evenings.

KEW Gardens. Self-contained furnished Suite of single divan-sitting rm., kitchen/dining rm. with h. & c., & box-rm. £3 wkly. incl. service, baths & light. RIC. 6796.

TO let divan-sitting rms. in priv. flat. Linen, service. HAM. 3437.

HIGHGATE Woods. Large ground-floor room to let with ckg. facs. Young household. All services. 5gns. TUD. 5232.

OFFERED share s.c. flat with Actor, wife, child. Chiswick. Box 4224.

BEAUTIFUL dble. sgle. B.S. 57s. 6d./85s. Nr. Kilburn Tube. HAM. 2152.

YOUNG graduate wishes another girl to share furn. flat, Highgate; own bedroom. 2gns. p.w. FRA. 3499, Ext. 318.

HOLLAND Park. Large bed-sit., breakfast, dinner, 50s. weekly, in return care 2 children two afternoons weekly and some baby sitting. Suit student. PARK 4429.

PRIMROSE Hill. Lge. partly-furn. room, bus. girl's flat. 2gns. Box 4192.

HIGHGATE Woods. 2-room bachelor flat, bed-sit., kit. bath, well furn. & equip. Use frig. 3gns. weekly. MOU. 5196 after 6.

SGLE. bed-sit., N.4, mod. flat. All conv. 47s. 6d. STA. 5173 evgs.

NW.3, nr. Tube. Small B.S. rm., ev. conv. 90s. for business persons. PRE. 2979.

EAST Sussex Period House, 2 recep., 5 bed., first floor Studio, 2 bath, excellent dom. off., garage, 7½ acres. Cent. htg., mains elec., water. £225 p.a. on lease. Box 4098.

N. WALES. Furn. mountain bungalow. Sleeps 4. 4gns. wkly. Miss Harrstone, Brentor, Willow Grove, Chislehurst, Kent.

MOUNTAIN retreat with modern comforts, unique setting, unequalled sea view. North Wales, central heating, 4 bed-rooms, 3 rec., garage, to let furn. £150 p.a., prof. long periods. Box 3925.

FLAT, prof. unfurn., wanted by 2 young professional women. Box 2987.

BUSINESS lady recently returned from abroad req. furn. flat/room. Box 4205.

TWO West African male students req. two-bedroom self-contained furn. flat in nice Central London on March 1. Rent about £16 p. mth. Long letting period. Box 4049.

NEW Zealand visitors, excellent tenants, req. furn. 2-bedrm. flat, or studio accom., London, central. Mod. rent. Box 4096.

WANTED, Unfurn. flat, two rooms, one large. Ckg. facilities; use bathroom no. premises, willing pay rent in advance. Battersea preferred. Box 4056.

STUDIO urg. reqd. (buy or rent); anything convertible considered. Box 4089.

PROF. woman seeks partly furn. unfurn. flatlet or flat or 1-2 rooms by end March, London. Soper, 10 Nottingham Place, W.1.

YOUNG professional couple seek unfurn. flat 3/4 rooms. Pref. Hampstead, Highgate area. Phone HAMpstead 1808.

WANTED: Large independent London flat furnished or unfurnished. May on wards. Please write air mail Joan Court, U.N.E.C.E.F., Block 57, Secretariat, Karachi, Pakistan.

AUSTRALIAN visitors require furnished accommodation all districts. Own kit. chenettes essential, will share bathrooms. No agents letting fees. FRE. 9748.

YNG. schoolmaster reqs. acc. bkfst. evg. meal in/or Wembley. Box 4213.

ON route to Denmark Hill. Yng childless couple require flat/rms. Box 4214.

ACTRESS and actor-husband seek s/c. unfurnished flat, London, from owner sympathique but businesslike. Low rental. Will buy f. & f. Suggestions? Box 4255.

S/C. flat wanted, prof. woman, 1/2 rms., kitchenette, centr., £3 max. Box 5420.

UNF. S/C. flat wanted by 2 ladies. Cd. tenants. Highgate, Hampstead, Marylebone, Bloomsbury. £150 p.a./under. Box 4139.

PROFESSIONAL couple req. furn. unfurn. flat or part-house London, Chelsea or district pref., 5 rooms, 1 suitable studio, own kitchen, rent £4/6 p.w. Box 4118.

CHILTERNS. Cottage required weekends May, June, July. Box 3941.

FURNISHED house or similar wanted for/for summer. Family of four. Near sandy beach. Box 4056.

ENTERTAINMENTS

"Q" Th. CHI. 2920. Evs. 8. Th. 2.30. St. 5.15/8. "Night Returns in Africa."

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. "King Richard II." Shakespeare. Tue.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30.

EMBASSY. PRI. 2211. 7.30 ex. M. Th 2.30. S. 5, 8. World of Sholom Aleichem.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). Last 2 days at 5.0 & 8.0. The Rules of the Game. Mems.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place (nr. Islington Tn. Hall). Tavistock Rep. in Shaw's "Man and Superman." Open tonight, Fri. Also Sat., Feb. 5, Sun. 6 (Mems. only), Thurs. 10, Fri. 11, Sat. 12, at 7.30. Book CAN. 7475 (9-6). CAN. 5111 after 7.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). "Reedy River." Evs. & Sats. 7.45, Suns. 4 & 7.45. Mems.

FRY'S. "Venus Observed." Rudolf Steiner Hall, Feb. 16-19. PAD. 9967 from 12th.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Nts. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "After the Show." Mems. 10s. yr. incls. Guest Ticket.

INTERNATIONAL Folk Music Centre — every Sun., Mon. & Thurs. at Gt. Windmill St., Piccadilly. Feb. 6, 3.30 p.m. Joaquin Gomez flamenco group. Lili Verona West Indian songs, and Alexis Korner skiffle. Feb. 7, 8.30 p.m. Traditional blues, worksongs and jazz by George Melly and Ian Bell band. Feb. 10. Folk songs from Isla Cameron, A. L. Lloyd and Alexis Korner skiffle group.

MARIONETTE Theatre, Highgate. Perfs. ev. Sun. at 5. Reservations GUL. 7208.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until Feb. 6: Cocteau's Les Enfants Terribles (X). Fr. Feb. 7: Renoir Season: The Rivet (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Feb. 5: Dorothy Lamour, William Holden in "The Fleet's In" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Palace. ADV. 3520. Sun., Feb. 6, 7.30. "Aan" (Cert. A.) Indian.

SCALA Theatre. Soviet Colour Films. 7 p.m., Sun., Feb. 13: "The Universe," premiere of popular scientific film: a fascinating astronomical journey. "The Team from Our Street," amusing comedy about football-mad boys. "Uzbek Dancers." Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d. from Edns. Ctee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society Dance at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, Saturday, February 5, 1955, 7.30 p.m. Admission 3s. (with running buffet).

MASKED Valentine Dance. Cent. Lond. Fabian Socy. 12 Feb., 6 Queen Sq. 7.30. Masks not compulsory but prize for ladies' prettiest and gents.' most original mask.

I.C.A. At Home: Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Noveltones," Sat., February 5, 8-11 p.m. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Members 3s., Guests 5s. (Membership invited.

CONCERTS

SUNDAY, February 6, at 7.30. Royal Festival Hall. Concerto Grosso—Handel; The Rivertun (James Joyce)—Humphrey Searle (1st London perf., Speaker: Jean St. Clair); Suite, The Firebird—Stravinsky; Suite, Le Roi Prokofieff. London Symphony Orchestra, cond. Hermann Scherchen. 3s. 6d. to 12s.

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble in a Recital of 18th Century Music. Telemann, Rameau, Bach. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, Sat., Feb. 5, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

CARL Dolmetsch. Recorder Recital. Wigmore Hall, Friday next, at 6.30. Martin Quartet & Saxby. Telemann, Vivaldi, Bononcini, etc. 1st perf. Rubbra Fantasia. Recorder and Strings. 9s., 6s., 3s. 6d. Hall & Chappell's, 50 New Bond St.

SIR Steuart Wilson will speak and sing at the John Goss Memorial Concert, Sun., Feb. 13, at 7.30 at French Institute, 15, Queensbury Pl., S.W.7. Also Frances Loring (in Warlock's "Curlew"), Unity Male Choir, W.M.A. Singers & Singers in Concert. Tickets 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. at door, or by post from Workers Music Assoc., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2.

PETER Mountain & Angela Dale in a Recital of Violin and Piano Sonatas by Schumann, Brahms, Schubert. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

SEBASTIAN Singers and Orchestra. Cond. Francis Oakes. Barber Adagio for Strings, Bach Church Cantatas 55 and 93, Haydn "Theresien" Mass. Soloists Sylvia Franklin, Rosemary Phillips, Lawrence Cleaver, Eric Stannard. Thurs., Feb. 10, at 8. All Souls' Church, Langham Pl., W.1. In aid of National Library for the Blind. Programmes 3s. at door on night of concert only.

ELEMENT Quartet. Three String Quartets by Robert Simpson. Great Drawing Rm., Arts Council of Gt. Britain, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. 7 p.m., Fri., Feb. 11. Free.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sat., Feb. 12, at 3 p.m. "It all began with the music." Ralph Downes (organ), Felix Aprahamian (speaker). Lecture-recital to demonstrate the character of the Royal Festival Hall organ. WATerloo 3191.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With," Granada, Kingston, until February 13. Admission free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Francis Bacon—A selection of paintings. Mon.-Fri., 10.30-6, Sat. until 5. Closed Sun. Adm. 1s. Mems. free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New Paintings by Earl Haig: "Drawings of a Chinese Journey, 1954" by Denis Mathews. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Feb. 26.

ST. George's Gallery, 7 Cork St., W.1. Paintings of Italy and Greece by Anthony Eyton. Monotypes & Drawings by Eli Montlake. Prints—the latest French Lithographs. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Sculptures by Fredda Brilliant. Gallery open 11 to 6 inc. Sats. to Feb. 14.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Three Young Sculptors: Rosemary Young, Robert Clatworthy, Takis Vassilakis. Private view, February 8, at 3 p.m.

THE new range of unit furniture designed by Robin Day, A.R.C.A., F.S.I.A., and featured in the Tenth Triennale at Milan, will be exhibited for the first time in England in "Modern Interiors" on the third floor at Woollands of Knightsbridge, S.W.1, from Monday, February 7 to 19.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. S.E.A. Pictures for Schools exhibition. Daily 11-6. Sundays 2-6. Closed Mondays. Adm. free. Gallery, High Street, E.1, adjoins Aldgate East Station. Feb. 5-27.

ARTS Council Collection. A selection of paintings, drawings & sculpture. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes Feb. 5. Weekdays 10-6. Adm. free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Mobiles by Calder. 10-5.30. Sats., 10-1.

BOOKS from Germany (GDR). Latest technical, scientific, medical works; natural science, sociology, art, literature & juvenile books. (Items can be reserved by visitors.) Collet's New Book Gallery, 44 Museum St., W.C.1. Open dail 11-6 ex. Suns. Feb. 4 to Mar. 2. Adm. free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings Colin Moss, Alistair Grant. 10-6 p.m. including Sats.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings and Tapestries by Louis Le Brocquy.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Robert Hill. Watercolours by Preston Goddard. Daily 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1. Until February 22.

CHILDREN'S Art from India, Pakistan, Ceylon. Imperial Institute, Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. Daily 10-4.30, Sundays 2.30-6. Until February 10. Free.

CONTEMPORARY Italian Art. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till March 5. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

MEXICAN Book Exhibition. National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., Piccadilly. Mons.-Sats. 11-5 Thurs. 11-8. Adm. free.

MEXICO: Paintings and sketches by V. Coverley-Price. The Hispanic Council, 2 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. To Feb. 10. Mon.-Fri. 11-5.30. Admission free.

YOUNG Contemporaries. Exhib. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Jan. 19-Feb. 5.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Benatov Retrospective Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30. Until Feb. 12.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Rd., N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth; The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture, 8 rooms fully furnished. New restoration and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings, by Millichip. 11-5.30 daily.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues., Feb. 8, 8.15. "Contemporary Architecture in West Africa," illustrations of existing buildings and future projects arranged and presented by Jane Drew. Chairman: C. Y. Carstairs. Thurs., Feb. 10, 8.15. Discussion, "Francis Bacon." Speakers: Lawrence Alloway, Anton Ehrenzweig, Peter Vansittart, Victor Willing, Denis Williams. Chairman: Eric Newton. Members 2s., Guests 3s. Membership invited.

"COLOURED People in Britain—a Problem and a Challenge." Peter Abrahams (S. African author of "Tell Freedom," etc.), C. Alport, M.P. (Cons.), Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P. (Labour, late Colonial Sec.). Discussion & Questions, 8 p.m., Wed., Feb. 9, at 88 Chiltern St. (nr. Baker St. Stn.). 1s. 6d. at door. Under auspices All Nations Social Club and Racial Unity.

THE Rearmament of Germany. Monday, February 14, 1955, 7.30 p.m. Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. Chair.: Ald. W. H. Hopkins. Speakers: John Burns, Lena Jeger, M.P., Ben Parkin, M.P., Sydney Silverman, M.P. Tickets 1s. at door or from Union of Democratic Control, 21, Stratton Ground, S.W.1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Quarterly General Meeting, followed by a discussion on "The Health Services and their relations with the General Public," opened by Mr. G. Drain, 7.30, Wed., Feb. 9, at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

A SCIENTIST Looks At China. Prof. J. D. Bernal, just returned from visit, speaks on science in the rebuilding of China. Chairman: John Horner. Friends House, Euston Road, Tuesday, February 15, 7.30 p.m. Admission 1s. Questions and discussion. Tickets available: Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Grays Inn Road, W.C.1.

"ALTERNATIVE to Disaster." Rev. Stanley Evans speaks at 55 Aberdare Gdns., N.W.6 at 8 p.m. Tuesday, Feb. 8, Hampstead B.S.F.S.

TELEVISION. Doreen Stephens speaking on Women and Television. Thursday, February 10, Alliance Hall, Palmer St. (opp. West exit St. James's Park Tube), S.W.1. Fawcett Society. Admission free. 7 p.m. Coffee & sandwiches from 6.30 p.m.

RACIAL Unity. Univ. Extension Lectures, 32 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1, alternate Mondays, 7 p.m. Feb. 7: John Hatch, B.A., "The Colour Problem in Central Africa." Members free, subscription 5s.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Who is the Enemy?" The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., February 6, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

PERSONALIST Group. "Do morals needs supernatural help or sanction?" Public Discussion of Mrs. Knight's Broadcasts. Osmond Leslie, Cyril Smith and Bruce Wavell. Conway Hall, Fri., Feb. 11, at 7.30.

"HUMANISM as a Third Way." Recent broadcasts will be discussed. Brains Trust, Hampstead Ethical Society, 78a Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green. Sun., Feb. 6 at 7.15.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Fri., February 11. David Philip, "The Originality of Scandinavian Culture." 62 Queens Gdns., Bayswater.

THE Linguists' Club. Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. February 12 at 6 p.m. Mlle. R. Sales: "La Peinture impressioniste."

"SOVIET Labour Camps" described by Mrs. Bridgitte Gerland (refer to Sol 1954). Mon., Feb. 14, 7.30. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. British Free Russia Movement. Adm. free.

SOVIET Writers' Congress. Jack Lindsay on recent visit & talks. Thurs., Feb. 10, 7.30. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.)

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays, 8 p.m. February 6: "The Dangers of Hypnotism."

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Bishop of Johannesburg (The Rt. Rev. Ambrose Reeves) speaks on "Justice in South Africa" at the Central Hall, Westminster, on Monday, February 21, at 7.30 p.m. Reserved seats 2s. 6d., unreserved 1s., from Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, E.C.4 (CIT. 6869), or from the Hall. Meeting arranged by Christian Action and the African Bureau.

NEHRU: India League public reception to the Prime Minister of India, Tues., February 8 at 7.30 p.m., at the Central Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. Reserved seats 2s. 6d. and 1s. from 47 Strand, W.C.2.

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture entitled "The Recruitment and Training of the Higher Civil Servants in the United Kingdom and in France: a comparative study" will be given by Professor A. Bertrand (Ecole Nationale d'Administration, Paris) at 5 p.m. on February 11 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

"BELIEF and Action in Education." C. Birchenough, M.A., F.C.P., giving Joseph Payne Memorial Lectures in College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Square, on Tuesdays, Feb. 22 and Mar. 22 at 6.30. Adm. free.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Feb. 8: Frank A. Norman, O.B.E., "The Coloured Immigrant in Britain Today." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group 7.15 p.m. Tonight Friday, Feb. 4: J. Hutton Hyde, "The Suppression of Communism in U.S.A." Fri. 4th, Feb. 11: Miss Nancy Braham, "The Clothes-Conscious Woman." Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Feb. 6: S. K. Ratcliffe, "National Character and Social Discipline." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Handbills on request.

"SHAW, Toynbee, Russell, and the Far East." Victor Purcell (author "Malaya: Communist or Free?"). N.B.L., 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Fri., Feb. 25, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s. 6d. (1s. 6d. in adv. only from Shaw Soc., 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18).

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PAR. 7379. Feb. 4, 8 p.m. Baron Meyendorff: "Arseniev's Literary Circle in the Nineties. Feb. 11, 8 p.m. Tamara Karsavina: "Recollections." (Tickets 2s. 6d. to be booked in adv.) Open to non-mems.

CENSORSHIP! Should it be abolished? Central Jewish Lit. Group invites you to a debate with visitors from Bayswater Society. Wed., Feb. 9, 8 p.m. Fulman's Restaurant, Noel St. (off Berwick St.), W.1. Visitors welcome. Refreshments.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Meeting at Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Wednesday, February 9, 6.30 p.m. "The History of Buddhism." Mr. Ronald Fussell.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 p.m., Sun., Feb. 6, King's Weigh House Church, Binnies St., W.1. Nr. Bond St. Stn. Discourse, Pandit Usharbudh Arya. "Ahiṁsa and Ashtanga."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. Two lectures on (1) "Psychology and International Relations" and (2) "Uses and Limitations of the Experimental Method in Social Psychology" will be given by Professor Otto Klineberg (UNESCO) at 5.30 p.m. on Feb. 14 and 15 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

"CO-EXISTENCE." Non-party conference of young people and visitors to Russia, China etc. Denbigh, Surrey, Feb. 25-27. Prog. from National Peace Council (Founded 1908), 29 Gt. James Street, W.C.1.

MISSENDEN Abbey Adult Education College, Great Missenden, Bucks. Tel. Gt. Missenden 2328. Forthcoming Courses: "The Modern Novel," Fri., Feb. 18 to Sun., Feb. 20. "Looking, Listening and Understanding," a critical approach to the appreciation of painting, music and the theatre, Tues., Feb. 22 to Thurs., Feb. 24. "Design in the Home," Tues. & Wed., March 1 & 2. For details apply to the Warden.

LECTURE Demonstration on Yoga. A series of six Lecture Demonstrations on Yoga will be held at 6 Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3, on the following Wednesday evenings: February 16, 23, March 2, 9, 16, 23 (Transferred from the Beverly Restaurant). All Lectures begin at 8 p.m. Admission: Non-Members 3s. 6d. each or 14s. the whole series. Members 2s. 6d. or 10s. the whole series. First Lecture, February 16: "Yoga & Health" (Part One). Applications for Tickets to the Secretary, 6 Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3. Telephone SLOane 6967.

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